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THREE DOLLARS  
PER ANNUM.

C. F. HOFFMAN, EDITOR.

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY.

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## ILIAD.

### BOOK NINTH.

From the Writings of the Honorable and Very  
Rev. William Herbert.

(Continued from last number.)

He said; the chiefs, heart-stricken and amazed,  
So stern was the repulse, in silence gazed.  
At length old Phoenix speaks, while glistening tears 480.  
Burst forth with sighs, since much for Greece he fears.  
"If fix'd is thy departure, if thine ire  
Yields Greece unaided to the hostile fire,  
How shall old Phoenix on the Trojan plain,  
Loved son, without thee and alone remain. 485.  
For me old Pelous chose, when first he sent  
Thy boardless youth to Agamemnon's tent,  
Unkill'd in war, in council yet untried,  
Where strive the glorious and the wise preside.  
He bade me teach thee in the hour of need  
To be both rich in speech and prompt in deed.  
I would not quit a charge thy worth endears,  
Though gods should renovate my waning years,  
Wipe off the rust of age, and fill each vein  
With the full vigor of my youth again. 495.  
As when from Hellas, land of love, I fled,  
My sire Amyntor's curse upon my head;  
An unchaste nymph my bane; that damsel bright  
He woo'd, dishonoring my mother's right.  
But she with tears entreated me to win  
The fair one to my love, and thwart his sin.  
Obeying, I achieved it; but my sire  
Soon learn'd the worst, and deadly was his ire.  
He call'd the hateful Furies to decree  
No son of mine might ever climb his knee; 505.  
Infernal Jove and Proserpine fulfill'd  
The curse, which thou my ruthless father wilt'd.  
Then struck and blasted by a curse so fell,  
I could not brook within his walls to dwell.  
But friends by force detain'd me in his hall; 510.  
Fat sheep they slew, and bullocks from the stall;  
And platters smoked with flesh of full-gorged swine,  
And long and deep they quaff'd the old man's wine.  
Nine nights they slept beside me, and in turn  
Kept watch; the kindled fire ne'er ceased to burn. 515.  
One in the porch, the well-fenced hall before,  
One in the passage near the chamber's door.  
The tenth night forth I rushed and burst my ward,  
Escaped the prison, and deceived my guard.  
Then wide I fled through Hellas' fruitful plain 520.  
To fertile Phthia, Pelous' rich domain.  
Received, he loved me as an only child,  
Begotten late, midst wealth securely piled.  
On Phthia's verge he gave me princely sway,  
And bade the Dolopes my rule obey. 525.  
Whate'er thou art, I made thee, god-like youth!  
Oft hast thou climb'd my knees; thy infant mouth  
Disdain'd the food by other hands prepared,  
And sipp'd no wine which Phoenix had not shared;  
And often, to my heart too fondly prest,  
Thy careless childhood spilt it on my breast.  
Stung by the curse of my own barren bed,  
With toil I taught thee, and with patience fed;  
And, for the gods denied to me a son,  
I wrought, Achilles, to make thee my own. 535.  
But, godlike youth, thy mighty mind control:  
Ill fits thee an inexorable soul.  
Even the Gods are placable, who dwell  
In greater glory, and in strength excel.  
Them with sweet savor, olivements choice and rare, 540.  
With gentle vows, and sacrifice, and prayer.  
Who, led by passions, have transgress'd in sin,  
Turn from their anger, and forgiveness win.  
Prayers are the daughters of immortal Jove; 545.  
Wrinkled, and lame, with downcast looks they move,  
Still following in the train of Fate; she,  
Strenuous and nimble, speeds o'er land and sea,  
Man's curse, outstripping all; while sadly they  
Troop after her, lamenting on their way.  
Who shall their voice approaching him reverse, 550.  
In hour of need to him their help is near.  
If he repulse them, at Jove's throne they sue,  
That Evil may o'ertake him and undo,  
Thou yield them reverence, which bends the good;  
For if Atreides wrathful had withstood 555.  
Nor sent propitiations gifts nor proffer'd love,  
In Græcia's name I had not bid thee move.  
Now all is tender'd, which thy wish can crave,  
And those, who bear the gifts, are good and brave.  
Cull'd from the Grecian host thy dearest friends, 560.  
To supplicate thine aid Atreides sends.  
Thou canst not blame the gifts or those that bring;  
Before, thy wrath was worthy of a king.  
E'en thus recorded in bright times of yore;  
Heroes renounced just anger and forbore. 565.  
One dead, remembered well, though old its date,  
To ye, friends all be'oved, I will relate.  
The strong Curetes and Ætolians brave,  
Strove before Calydon, these prompt to save.

Those pointed at her walls the bloody glaive. 570.  
The golden-throned Diana work'd their bane,  
For royal Ægeus, on the fruitful plain,  
To her the feast of vintage had denied,  
To other gods a hecatomb supplied.  
She, only she, neglected or forgot 575.  
Due honor lack'd; hence wax'd her anger hot.  
Enraged the Goddess of the bow commands  
A monstrous boar to waste his cultured lands,  
Its tusks enormous the high trees uproot  
With all their glowing load of pendent fruit. 580.  
Him Æneus' off-spring Meleager slew;  
Hunters and hounds from many a town he drew;  
At cost of lives that monster they subdued,  
But, from Diana sent, dire strife ensued;  
Their strength the Ælians and Curetes tried 585.  
For the boar's bristling head and shaggy hide.  
'Twas well with Calydon, while for her fought  
Stout Meleager, and her safety wrought.  
Before her walls the foeman dared not stand, 590.  
Till wrath, which smites the wisest, stay'd his hand.  
He, by his mother's wrath incensed, beside  
Fair Cleopatra lay, his wedded bride;  
The nymph, whom benighted-humb'd Marpesa bore  
To Idas, strongest of the men of yore, 595.  
Who strung his bow against the God of light  
And for her matchless person dared the fight.  
Hence their child, though nursed in princely state,  
Surnam'd Alcayon from her mother's fate.  
Who like a halcyon on the briny spray 600.  
Mourn'd sorely, ravished by the God of day.  
Beside her, outraged by Althæa's ban,  
Brooding his wrath reclined the godlike man.  
As she for murder on her brother done,  
Couch'd on her knees, pray'd death upon her son, 605.  
And, beating off with rage-clench'd hands the sod,  
Invok'd grim Hecate, and the gloomy God.  
From hell the midnight-stalking Fury heard  
Implacable the mother's vengeful word.  
But soon the battle roar'd around the town;  
Her strong gates shook, her turrets toppled down. 610.  
Then round him throng'd the old, and priest combined  
With prayer to bend, with gifts to soothe his mind.  
They bade him choose from that delightful plain  
The fattest portion of her rich domain, 615.  
Two hundred rood, half clothed with clustering vines,  
Half furrow'd by the ploughshare's lengthen'd lines.  
Old Ægeus climb'd into the bridal bower,  
Knelt on the threshold, shook the fasten'd door,  
Load praying to his son; and with him came  
His weeping daughters and his honor'd dame. 620.  
But sternly he denies; before him bend  
The loved companion and the val'd friend.  
But nothing could assuage his wounded pride,  
'Till his own chamber rock'd, and, far and wide,  
With hostile flames the invaded city gleam'd,  
And on each tower the hostile banner stream'd. 625.  
Then round him clung his lovely-bosom'd bride,  
Numbering the ills that captured towns betide,  
When fire devours their halls, and men are slain,  
And children dragg'd, and women shriek in vain.  
At that thought, instantly his soul was flame;  
He donn'd his glittering arms, and forth he came. 630.  
Thus he, though late, repell'd the fatal day;  
But they the promised boon refused to pay;  
And justly; govern'd by his wayward will  
In vain he saved fair Calydon from ill. 635.  
But thou, my son, a wiser course pursue,  
True to thine honor, to thine interests true.  
Accept the proffer'd gifts, the maid restored,  
And be by Græcians, as a God, adored.  
Their navy smoking and their warriors slain,  
Small gain or honor will thine arms obtain. 640.  
To him Achilles; "Aged, highborn sire,  
To be thus worshipp'd is not my desire.  
Enough for me the honor and the state,  
Which Jove dispenses, arbiter of fate.  
That fate shall hold me in my beaked prow,  
While strength is mine, and life within me glows. 645.  
Yet one word more; and thou my speech digest,  
Nor thus with tears and groans confound my rest.  
Does great Atreides share thy love, beware  
Lest, honoring him, my friendship thou forswear.  
True, generous friendship no cold medium knows,  
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows; 655.  
One should our interests; one, our passions be;  
My friend must hate the man who injures me.  
Share thou my realm and equal honor hold;  
Let these my answer to the Greeks unfold.  
Thou bidst with me, and on the downy bed  
This night in slumber rest thine aged head. 660.  
To-morrow with the earliest dawn of day  
We will hold counsel to return or stay."  
He ceased, and silent sign'd beneath his brow  
Patroclus, straight the well-heav'd bed to strew.  
So they might from his tent with speed depart;  
To them the godlike Ajax stout of heart. 665.  
"Depart we, sage Ulysses; to no end,  
If I deem right, our fruitless efforts tend.

The assembled Danai wait us, and we must,  
Though harsh is the reply, discharge our trust. 670.  
For great Achilles, by strong passion blind,  
Has taken a savage nature to his mind,  
Forgetting sacred ties, how far above  
All other comrades he possess'd our love.  
Relentless! kindred blood is oft ere now  
Been split, and ransom recompensed the blow;  
Unarm'd the slayer treads his native floor;  
The soothed avenger threatens him no more. 675.  
In thy stern soul no change, no mercy grows,  
But for one maid thine endless hatred glows.  
See, seven are offer'd to appease thy pride,  
Of peerless beauty, and rich gifts beside.  
Breathe thou a better and a kinder flame!  
Respect these social walls, which cry thee shame! 685.  
For here we stand thy guests, of all the host  
Who prize thee highest, and who love thee most."  
To him the swift Achilles thus replied:  
"Great son of Telamon, the people's guide!  
My judgment yields assent to all thy views,  
But the soul boils within me, when I muse 690.  
On him, Atreides, who has made my name  
Vile amongst Greeks, and heap'd my head with shame,  
As some base exile. Ye, my friends, return,  
And bid the Greeks my fix'd decision learn.  
I tread no bloody field, I deal no blow 695.  
Till, Argive heads in mingled gore I lay low,  
And the fleet smoking, Priam's son assails  
The Myrmidonian camp and spreading sails.  
Before my ship, my tent, his arm invade,  
I deem e'en Hector's prowess will be stay'd." 700.  
He said; the Grecian chieftains on the floor,  
Each from his double cup, libations pour;  
This done, withdraw; Ulysses lends the way;  
Comrades and maids Patroclus' voice obey.  
A dainty couch for Phoenix they prepare, 705.  
With robes, and softest flax, and fleeces fair.  
There slept the aged man till morning shined;  
Achilles in the inner tent reclined.  
The benighted Diomedæ shared his bed,  
Phorbas' fair child, from Lesbos captive led. 710.  
Patroclus slept upon the further side  
And with him Iphias, in youth's blooming pride;  
To him that lovely maid Achilles gave,  
When lofty Scyros bow'd beneath his glaive.  
Those reach'd the Argive tent, their journey done; 715.  
Uprose the Greeks, and pledged them one by one,  
Each from his golden bowl; 'twixt hope and dread  
Then craved the answer: first Atreides said:  
"Speak, good Ulysses, glorious boast of Greece!  
What answer sends Achilles? Is it peace? 720.  
Will his strong aid repel the Trojan fire,  
Or does he hold his anger, and retire?"  
To him for patience fumed the chief replied:  
"Sternly, great king of Greeks, he hath denied.  
He will not quell his wrath, but maddens more; 725.  
Thee and thy gifts alike his thoughts abhor.  
He bids thee with the Greeks devise to ward  
The ships from fire, the army from the sword.  
Himself has threaten'd at the earliest dawn  
His fleet to sea shall from the beach be drawn. 730.  
Us home he bids, and thus he swears us all,  
We ne'er shall find the clue to Ilium's fall.  
Jove's hand outstretch'd will still her might uphold,  
Her strength increases and her hearts grow bold. 735.  
So spoke Achilles, and each angry word  
Brave Ajax and the trusty heralds heard.  
But aged Phoenix, thus the hero bade,  
Softly this night beneath his tent is laid.  
To-morrow, if he wills, they plough the sea  
Home to rich Phthia, but his will is free." 740.  
He ceased; the chiefs, heart-stricken and amazed,  
So stern was the repulse, in silence gazed.  
Long time no voice the solemn sadness broke,  
Till good at need the brave Tydides spoke:  
"In evil hour, Atreides, didst thou send 745.  
To soothe a heart, which knows not how to bend,  
Stern as he is, thy bounty swell his pride;  
And prayers are offer'd, but to be denied.  
Leave we the hero to his angry vein,  
Whether he speed him homeward or remain. 750.  
Then will he turn to fight, and then alone,  
When his own will shall stir that breast of stone.  
So Jove arouse him! Greeks, be this our part,  
With sleep to renovate each flagging heart!  
Wine we have shared, and bread, the staff of life, 755.  
Whence valor grows, and sinews brace'd for strife.  
Before the ships, when rosy morn shall dawn,  
Let cars and foot in stout array be drawn.  
Atreides, cheer them in that awful hour,  
And be thou first in fight, as first in power!" 760.  
He said; the approving Græcians yield assent,  
Libations pour'd, each seeks his private tent,  
While they rest from toils, and sleep  
Its grateful balm to close their wearied  
December, 1825.  
N. B. The lines italicised are  
from the original.

Recently Published by CAREY & HART, Philadelphia,

# NAPOLEON AND THE MARSHALS OF THE EMPIRE.

IN TWO VOLUMES,

WITH NUMEROUS FULL LENGTH PORTRAITS IN MILITARY COSTUME.

WHILE the country is deluged with worthless ephemera, compiled and translated in the worst manner from the cheap Lives of the Emperor and his Marshals, designed for the lower orders in Paris—with but occasional modifications made without skill or honesty from Alison and Napier,—the public will receive with satisfaction the Histories of those Extraordinary characters, composed with discriminating care from the best authorities, and addressed to cultivated reason rather than to vulgar passion. The work entitled "Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire," has been generally applauded in the most respectable journals, and the following extracts are given as specimens from the numerous notices of the same character in possession of the publishers.

"The interest excited by the present attitude of revolutionary France, makes every page of her past history peculiarly attractive, and we are not surprised to find the sympathies of republican America assiduously appealed to by the purveyors of the press. In offering a new version of the life and times of Buonaparte, however, at this moment, when another's panegyrics of its era and its actors have just flooded the whole land, we fear our Philadelphia neighbors have presumed a little extravagantly on the apertence of our countrymen. We wish, however, for the general benefit, that this apprehension on our part may prove groundless. The present work, like that of Julius, bruits no name of literary heraldry to cry it 'room.' More modest than the Julius masque himself, not even a *nominis umbra* lends to it relief. Confident in its truthfulness and power it relies on its intrinsic worth alone, and however the pre-occupation of another work may, for a time, prove adverse to its circulation, we shall be disappointed if it does not ultimately win and wear the favor of the public. We have not the slightest suspicion of its authorship, but as we never permit a feeling of *personality* to influence our opinion of a book, we shall neither withhold praise, lest we should extol a *novus homo*, nor omit to censure from the fear of disobliging a great man. Since the receipt of the present work we have not had leisure for its entire perusal. We have penetrated far enough, however, to convince us that the writer is a judicious, clever man, that he esteems the simplicity of truth more than the brilliancy of fancy, and the sound deductions of practical wisdom more than the mere dazzling hypotheses of poetical philosophy. He writes of men as men, not demi-gods; his heroes attain greatness in strict accordance with the laws of our physical, intellectual, and moral nature. He is neither beguiled into a belief in transformations as unreal as the enchantments of the Arabian Nights, nor does he wish to impose such fictions of the brain upon his readers. He gives Napoleon and his satellites the credit they deserve for their attainments, and the practical use of their attainments as intelligent and earnest men."—*Columbian Magazine*.

"This work supplies a desideratum long felt by the public, a reliable and succinct history of Napoleon and the Generals with whom he achieved his victories. We believe that the present work is authentic. It bears the marks of correctness, and careful examination and comparison of authorities, while at the same time the style is generally worthy of the subjects treated, animated, forcible, and elegant, with no traces of inflation or timidity. Nearly the whole of the first volume is devoted to Napoleon, whose career has evidently been thoroughly studied by the author. Its main features and great events are brought into strong detail, while nothing essential seems neglected. The opinion of the writer as to Napoleon seems to us exaggerated, but when the facts are fairly presented this is of less consequence. The work is ornamented with 16 steel portraits in military costume."—*N. Y. Daily Tribune*, May 6.

"Anything, bearing the least impress of accuracy and reliability, illustrating the histories of Napoleon and his Marshals, is better than what has been already published, faulty in style and historically unsatisfactory. We receive therefore, with real pleasure, this new publication, having assurance that great pains have been taken in the preparation of each individual biography, and especially in collating the various authorities upon the early history of the Emperor. The work forms two volumes, and, though produced by various writers, is uniformly lucid and correct in style. There appears to be nowhere any attempt to blind the reader by dazzling epithets. The accuracy of construction throughout is highly creditable to the editor."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*, May 3.

"We took occasion, some months since, to speak in favorable terms of a publication by Messrs. Carey & Hart, entitled 'Washington and his Generals.' We have now to record the issue, by the same enterprising house, of two volumes of even superior merit, under the title of 'Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire.' We have long been convinced that the character of Napoleon would never receive 'even-handed justice,' until some impartial and intelligent American should undertake the task of weighing his merits and demerits. In the present volume

this has been done with great judgment. We do not know the author of the paper on Napoleon, but whoever he may be, allow us to say to him that he has executed his duty better than any predecessor, and that his whole article would be perfect, but for certain rigid conservative notions, which, in our opinion at least, occasionally bias his views. The biographies of the Marshals are written with skill, perspicuity, and accuracy. They are—and very properly—kept subordinate to the memoir of Napoleon, the author never losing sight of the fact that the main purpose of the book is to illustrate the Emperor's career. Many of the descriptions of battles are admirably written, being clear and forcible, without bombast. In some cases we notice a certain obscurity of style, arising from the effort to say too much in few words. The preface intimates that the book is the composition of different hands, but the anonymous editor has dovetailed the whole so admirably together, that a proper unity is maintained. The volumes are well printed, and illustrated with sixteen portraits on steel. We compliment Carey and Hart for this valuable addition to our stock of popular literature."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, May 4.

"This is the clearest, most concise, and most interesting Life of Napoleon and his Marshals, which has yet been given to the public. The authors have gone to work as Napoleon himself would have done, and with graceful address have accomplished a brilliant work. The arrangement is judicious, and the charm of the narrative continues unbroken to the end. The reader is carried along from chapter to chapter as if under the excitement of some absorbing romance, from Napoleon, to Jourdan, Serrurier, Lannes, Brune, Perignon, Oudinot, Soult, Davoust, Massena, Murat, Mortier, Ney, Poniatowski, Grochy, Bessieres, Berthier, Suchet, St. Cyr; Victor, Monecy, Marmont, MacDonald, Bernadotte, Augereau, Lefebvre, and Kellermann. It is ably and plainly written, and we believe it may be confidently relied on. The brilliant achievements of the great Captain, great on the field and in council, are recorded with an enthusiasm that thrills with delight. The excitement of romance is blended with the fidelity of history, and yet the style is simplicity itself, wholly free from the amusing pomposity and absurd inflation, that distinguishes some of the works which have gone before it. Its perspicuity and general accuracy will make it a text book. The sixteen steel portraits are a beautiful feature. The work is elegantly printed, with new, clear-faced type, upon thick, white paper. All things considered, it is a book which will reflect credit even upon the house of Messrs. Carey and Hart."—*Philadelphia City Item*, May 6th, 1848.

"Carey & Hart have just published two volumes, in which the splendid deeds of Napoleon and his Marshals are described, in a clear and comprehensive manner, through all their various brilliant campaigns. The arrangement adopted in the work, of describing each campaign in reference to the Emperor as the centre of operations, enables the author to preserve connexion and unity throughout, and to present to the minds of the reader the peculiarity of Napoleon's military system, by which he executed the great combination of military movements so brilliantly successful. The narrative is plainly written, and in this respect differs from Headley's work, but the facts are clearly stated, and their accuracy appears to have been a main point in the relation, as indeed it is in all his torical narrative. The volumes are well printed, and handsomely bound, and contain portraits of nearly all the distinguished persons whose biographies are given."—*Public Ledger*, May 3d, 1848.

"The twenty-six marshals created by Napoleon, are embraced in these volumes. The larger portion of the first is occupied with Napoleon, whose personal career was, of course, the centre of the operations of his Marshals, while their independent actions are detailed in their lives. By this judicious method, confusion and repetition are avoided; and they are described in their relations, the one with the rest, in that remarkable military organization which gave such success to the arms of France; the deep interest in their descriptions not having been exhausted by all the books written on that great modern drama. The style of this work is worthy of commendation; plain, pleasing, and narrative, the proper style of history and biography, in which the reader does not seek fancy sketches,

and dashing, vivid pictures, but what the work professes to contain, biographies. We commend this as a valuable library book, worthy of preservation as a book of reference, after being read. Our readers will not confound, from the similarity of title, this book with one published in New York a year or two since."—*Baltimore American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*, May 8, 1848.

"This elegantly printed and elegant embossed production is not, it must be understood, the 'Napoleon and his Marshals' of J. T. Headley. \* \* \* The character of the book is very different from that of the similar one by J. T. Headley. It is a book of fact rather than thought, and the facts are well and clearly told. Headley's thought, the great and peculiar feature of his productions, if his 'fine writing' be thrown aside, is too flashy and superficial to be valuable. His works are brilliant catch-pennies, which can only be considered as authority by the ignorant and unread. The volumes under notice are of a lower order, perhaps, than the pretentious ones of Headley; but of their kind they are far better than his of their kind; and we think they are calculated to do much more good. It requires a very great mind and very great knowledge to generalize successfully on Napoleon and his Marshals; and as we believe this has never yet been done by any one, we do not, of course, think highly of Headley's incursions. The modest way is to wing a lower flight, as the unknown writer of these volumes has done, and done well."—*Boston Post*, May 6, 1848.

"In the handsome volumes before us, the same admirable course has been followed which gave such popularity to 'Washington and the Generals of the Revolution,' issued by the same house; the biographies are prepared by different pens, according to the taste and facilities of each author. To give continuity to the whole, an able editor superintended the work, and the result is a vivid, authentic, and very interesting series of military portraits. The work is neatly printed, and has sixteen steel illustrations."—*The Home Journal*, May 27, 1848.

"This is a publication of unusual merit. The author is accurate in his statement of facts, and he writes in a style at once spirited and elegant. We regard this work as deserving a place in every library, for it is unquestionably the best of its kind which has yet appeared. At some early day, if space permits, we shall endeavor to avail ourselves of extracts from it. The two volumes are beautifully printed, with large type, and thick white paper. Nearly twenty steel engravings adorn the book."—*New's Saturday Gazette*, May 6th, 1848.

"This work is published under similar circumstances, and upon the same general outline of plan with 'Washington and the Generals of the Revolution,' which issued from the press of the same establishment. Like it, the names of the writers of the Sketches are suppressed, but are evidently those of men highly competent to the task. The lives of the Marshals and their chief, the military paladins of the gorgeous modern romance of the 'Empire,' are given with historic accuracy, and without exaggeration of fact, style, or language."—*Baltimore Patriot*, May 9, 1848.

"Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire has been published by Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, in a style worthy of its literary excellence: \* \* and a very superior affair it is (to Headley's Napoleon and his Marshals), giving spirited narrations of events, in place of bombastic flourishes."—*Boston Daily Atlas*, May 6.

"The present work, which will be read with extreme interest."—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times*, May 13, 1848.

"This is a very interesting work, and ably written, giving proof of sound judgment and impartial discrimination in the writer."—*N. Y. Herald*, May 14th.

"The style is vigorous and spirited, and the details are imbued with the deepest historical interest."—*Philadelphia Enquirer*, May 3.



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And long and deep they quaff'd the old man's wine.  
Nine nights they slept beside me, and in turn  
Kept watch; the kindled fires ne'er ceased to burn. 515.  
One in the porch, the well-fenced hall before,  
One in the passage near the chamber's door.  
The tenth night forth I rushed and burst my ward,  
Escaped the prison, and deceived my guard.  
Then wide I fled through Hellas' fruitful plain 520.  
To fertile Phthia, Pelous' rich domain.  
Received, he loved me as an only child,  
Begotten late, midst wealth securely piled.  
On Phthia's verge he gave me princely sway,  
And bade the Dolopes my rule obey. 525.  
Whate'er thou art, I made thee, god-like youth!  
Oft hast thou climb'd my knees; thy infant mouth  
Disdain'd the food by other hands prepared,  
And sipp'd no wine which Phoenix had not shared;  
And often, to my heart too fondly prest,  
Thy careless childhood spilt it on my breast.  
Stung by the curse of my own barren bed,  
With toil I taught thee, and with patience fed;  
And, for the gods denied to me a son,  
I wrought, Achilles, to make thee my own. 535.  
But, godlike youth, thy mighty mind control:  
Ill fits thee an inexorable soul.  
Even the Gods are placable, who dwell  
In greater glory, and in strength excel.  
Them with sweet savor, olivants choice and rare, 540.  
With gentle vows, and sacrifice, and prayer.  
Who, led by passions, have transgress'd in sin,  
Turn from their anger, and forgiveness win.  
Prayers are the daughters of immortal Jove; 545.  
Wrinkled, and lame, with downcast looks they move,  
Still following in the train of Fate; she,  
Strenuous and nimble, speeds o'er land and sea,  
Man's curse, outstripping all; while sadly they  
Troop after her, lamenting on their way.  
Who shall their voice approaching him reverse, 550.  
In hour of need to him their help is near.  
If he repulse them, at Jove's throne they sue,  
That Evil may o'er take him and undo.  
Thou yield them reverence, which bends the good;  
For if Atreides wrathful had withstood 555.  
Nor sent propitiations gifts nor proffer'd love,  
In Græcia's name I had not bid thee move.  
Now all is tender'd, which thy wish can crave,  
And those, who bear the gifts, are good and brave.  
Cull'd from the Grecian host thy dearest friends, 560.  
To supplicate thine aid Atreides sends.  
Thou canst not blame the gifts or those that bring;  
Before, thy wrath was worthy of a king.  
E'en thus recorded in bright times of yore;  
Heroes renounced just anger and forbore.  
One dead, remembered well, though old its date, 565.  
To ye, friends all be'oved, I will relate.  
The strong Curetes and Ætolians brave,  
Strove before Calydon, these prompt to save,

Those pointed at her walls the bloody glaive.  
The golden-throned Diana work'd their bane,  
For royal Æneus, on the fruitful plain,  
To her the feast of vintage had denied,  
To other gods a hecatomb supplied.  
She, only she, neglected or forgot 570.  
Due honor lack'd; hence wax'd her anger hot.  
Enraged the Goddess of the bow commands  
A monstrous boar to waste his cultured lands,  
Its tusks enormous the high trees uproot  
With all their glowing load of pendent fruit. 580.  
Him Æneus' off-spring Meleager slew;  
Hunters and hounds from many a town he drew;  
At cost of lives that monster they subdued,  
But, from Diana sent, dire strife ensued;  
Their strength the Ætolians and Curetes tried 585.  
For the boar's bristling head and shaggy hide.  
'Twas well with Calydon, while for her fought  
Stout Meleager, and her safety wrought.  
Before her walls the foe-man dared not stand, 590.  
Till wrath, which smites the wisest, stay'd his hand.  
He, by his mother's wrath incensed, beside  
Fair Cleopatra lay, his wedded bride;  
The nymph, whose beauteous limb'd Marpossa bore  
To Idas, strongest of the men of yore, 595.  
Who strung his bow against the God of light  
And for her matchless person dared the fight.  
Hence they their child, though nursed in princely state,  
Surnamed Alcione from her mother's fate,  
Who like a halcyon on the briny spray 600.  
Mournd sorely, ravished by the God of day.  
Beside her, outraged by Althæa's ban,  
Brooding his wrath reclined the godlike man.  
As she for murder on her brother done,  
Couch'd on her knees, pray'd death upon her son, 605.  
And, beating oft with rage-clench'd hands the sod,  
Invoked grim Hecate, and the gloomy God.  
From hell the midnight-stalking Fury heard  
Implacable the mother's vengeful word.  
But soon the battle roar'd around the town; 610.  
Her strong gates shook, her turrets toppled down.  
Then round him throng'd the old, and priest combined  
With prayer to bend, with gifts to soothe his mind.  
They bade him choose from that delightful plain  
The fattest portion of her rich domain, 615.  
Two hundred rool, half clothed with clustering vines,  
Half furrow'd by the ploughshare's lengthen'd lines.  
Old Æneus climb'd into the bridal bower,  
Knelt on the threshold, shook the fasten'd door,  
Loud praying to his son; and with him came 620.  
His weeping daughters and his honor'd dame.  
But sternly he denies; before him bend  
The loved companion and the val'd friend.  
But nothing could assuage his wounded pride,  
'Till his own chamber rock'd, and, far and wide,  
With hostile flames the invaded city gleam'd, 625.  
And on each tower the hostile banner stream'd.  
Then round him clung his lovely-bosom'd bride,  
Numbering the ills that captured towns betide,  
When fire devours their halls, and men are slain,  
And children dragg'd, and women shriek in vain. 630.  
At that thought, instantly his soul was flame;  
He donn'd his glittering arms, and forth he came.  
Thus he, though late, repell'd the fatal day;  
But they the promised boon refused to pay;  
And justly; govern'd by his wayward will 635.  
In vain he saved fair Calydon from ill.  
But thou, my son, a wiser course pursue,  
True to thine honor, to thine interests true.  
Accept the proffer'd gifts, the maid restored,  
And be by Grecians, as a God, adored.  
Their navy smoking and their warriors slain, 640.  
Small gain or honor will thine arms obtain.  
To him Achilles; "Aged, highborn sire,  
To be thus worshipp'd is not my desire.  
Enough for me the honor and the state,  
Which Jove dispenses, arbiter of fate. 645.  
That fate shall hold me in my beaked prow,  
While strength is mine, and life within me glows.  
Yet one word more; and thou my speech digest,  
Nor thus with tears and groans confound my rest. 650.  
Does great Atreides share thy love, beware  
Lest, honoring him, my friendship thou forswear.  
True, generous friendship no cold medium knows,  
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;  
One should our interests; one, our passions be; 655.  
My friend must hate the man who injures me.  
Share thou my realm and equal honor hold;  
Let these my answer to the Greeks unfold.  
Thou bide with me, and on the downy bed  
This night in slumber rest thine aged head. 660.  
To-morrow with the earliest dawn of day  
We will hold counsel to return or stay."  
He ceased, and silent sign'd beneath his brow  
Patroclus, straight the well-heap'd bed to strew.  
So they might from his tent with speed depart;  
To them the godlike Ajax stout of heart. 665.  
"Depart we, sage Ulysses; to an end,  
If I deem right, our fruitless efforts tend.

The assembled Danaans wait us, and we must,  
Though harsh is the reply, discharge our trust. 670.  
For great Achilles, by strong passion blind,  
Has taken a savage nature to his mind,  
Forgetting sacred ties, how far above  
All other comrades he possess'd our love.  
Relentless! kindred blood is oft ere now 675.  
Been spilt, and ransom recompensed the blow;  
Unharm'd the slayer treads his native floor;  
The soothed avenger threatens him no more.  
In thy stern soul no change, no mercy grows,  
But for one maid thine endless hatred glows. 680.  
See, seven are offer'd to appease thy pride,  
Of peerless beauty, and rich gifts beside.  
Breathe thou a better and a kinder flame!  
Respect these social walls, which cry thee shame!  
For here we stand thy guests, of all the host 685.  
Who prize thee highest, and who love thee most."  
To him the swift Achilles thus replied:  
"Great son of Telamon, the people's guide!  
My judgment yields assent to all thy views,  
But the soul bolts within me, when I muse 690.  
On him, Atreides, who has made my name  
Vile amongst Greeks, and heap'd my head with shame,  
As some base exile. Ye, my friends, return,  
And bid the Greeks my fix'd decision learn.  
I tread no bloody field, I deal no blow 695.  
Till, Argive heads in mingled gore lain low,  
And the fleet smoking, Priam's son assails  
The Myrmidonian camp and spreading sails.  
Before my ship, my tent, his arm invade,  
I deem e'en Hector's prowess will be stay'd." 700.  
He said; the Grecian chieftains on the floor,  
Each from his double cup, libations pour;  
This done, withdraw; Ulysses lends the way;  
Comrades and maids Patroclus' voice obey.  
A dainty couch for Phoenix they prepare, 705.  
With robes, and softest flax, and fleeces fair.  
There slept the aged man till morning shined;  
Achilles in the inner tent reclined.  
The beauteous Diomedæ shared his bed,  
Phorbas' fair child, from Lesbos captive led. 710.  
Patroclus slept upon the further side  
And with him Iphias, in youth's blooming pride;  
To him that lovely maid Achilles gave,  
When lofty Scyros bow'd beneath his glaive.  
Those reach'd the Argive tent, their journey done; 715.  
Uprose the Greeks, and pledged them one by one,  
Each from his golden bowl; 'twixt hope and dread  
Then craved the answer: first Atreides said:  
"Speak, good Ulysses, glorious boast of Greece!  
What answer sends Achilles? Is it peace? 720.  
Will his strong aid repel the Trojan fire,  
Or does he hold his anger, and retire?"  
To him for patience fumed the chief replied:  
"Sternly, great king of Greeks, he hath denied.  
He will not quell his wrath, but maddens more; 725.  
Thee and thy gifts alike his thoughts abhor.  
He bids thee with the Greeks devise to ward  
The ships from fire, the army from the sword.  
Himself has threaten'd at the earliest dawn  
His fleet to sea shall from the beach be drawn. 730.  
Us home he bids, and thus he warns us all,  
We ne'er shall find the clue to Ilium's fall.  
Jove's hand outstretch'd will still her might uphold,  
Her strength increases and her hearts grow bold. 735.  
So spoke Achilles, and each angry word  
Brave Ajax and the trusty heralds heard.  
But aged Phoenix, thus the hero bade,  
Softly this night beneath his tent is laid.  
To-morrow, if he wills, they plough the sea 740.  
Home to rich Phthia, but his will is free."  
He ceased; the chiefs, heart-stricken and amazed,  
So stern was the repulse, in silence gazed.  
Long time no voice the solemn sadness broke,  
Till good at need the brave Tydides spoke: 745.  
"In evil hour, Atreides, didst thou send  
To soothe a heart, which knows not how to bend.  
Stern as he is, thy bounty swells his pride;  
And prayers are offer'd, but to be denied.  
Leave we the hero to his angry vein, 750.  
Whether he speed him homeward or remain.  
Then will he turn to fight, and then alone,  
When his own will shall stir that breast of stone.  
So Jove arouse him! Greeks, be this our part,  
With sleep to renovate each flagging heart! 755.  
Wine we have shared, and bread, the staff of life,  
Whence valor grows, and sinews brace'd for strife.  
Before the ships, when rosy morn shall dawn,  
Let cars and foot in stout array be drawn.  
Atreides, cheer them in that awful hour, 760.  
And be thou first in fight, as first in power!"  
He said; the approving Græcians yield assent;  
Libations pour'd, each seeks his private tent.  
Awhile they rest from toils, and sleep supplies  
Its grateful balm to close their weary eyes. 765.  
December, 1835. W. HERBERT.  
N. B. The lines italicized are quoted from Pope's ver-  
sion. W. H.

CORPUS CHRISTI AND SAINT GEORGE.  
From a MS. Journal of a late Visit to Brazil.

BY T. EWANS.

June 10.—Annoyed last night with mosquitoes, from not properly closing the curtains. The little house lizards are a blessing, since they hunt these pests all night long, wherever they can reach them.

To-morrow is Corpus Christi: a great day with Roman Catholics everywhere, and kept in style here. The Emperor, his Court, Senators, and Soldiers, join the Priests in procession. It is the only occasion on which St. George appears in public. Mounted on his charger, he, in character of "Defender of the Empire," takes the precedence. Princes and people walk behind him. As the Church's champion, he heads her squadrons, too. Not having been fortunate to find the door of his residence once open during repeated visits, I must attend, if only to make acquaintance with a character so distinguished, and one so popular with protestants and papists, as this chief of Dragon-killers.

The festival is too good a thing to end with its proper day. Different parishes unite in subsequent celebrations: those of St. José and Candelaria on the 14th inst., while the Brotherhoods of St. Rita, the Gloria, and St. Anna postpone their Parochial Pageants a week longer. The Champion only appears on the first day.

This morning's "Diário" contains the following announcements: "The Board of Directors of the Brotherhood of the Glorious St. George invite the brethren to attend at his Chapel, at 9 A. M., to-morrow, to accompany him in the Procession of the Body of God.

The Image will pass through Theatre Square, Piolho and Cadeia streets, to the Imperial Chapel, and return through Dereita, Alfandega, and Fogo streets to his Chapel in Rua do Lampadoza." (The Brotherhoods generally are notified in the papers.)

The Capuchins advertise "A rich Canopy and Custodia (a Cupboard for the Host), lately arrived from Rome." It is to be exposed for veneration to-morrow, at their establishment on Castle Hill, for the first time.

Other professors are on the alert. The showmen in the Campo offer the following attractions. (I quote the *Diário*.)

"In the BARRACA OF GOOD TASTE there will be an Extraordinary Divertissement on the day of the Body of God."

"In the THEATRO MAGICO, a Representation in three Parts:—Part 1. The *Passion of Our Lord*, viz. The Birth—St. Joseph—Garden of Olives—Holy Magdalen—The Tortures—St. Peter—Our Lord of the Paces—St. George—The Crucifixion—St. John Baptist—The Resurrection—The Holy Virgin. Part 2. *Cosmorama Views*. Part 3. *Diverting Phantasmagoria*—The Sorcerer—Flying Death's Head—The Perisian Galatea—The Changed Head—Don Quixote—Walking Woman—Garden of Love, and The Monster; to conclude with

"Three Cats Dancing the Polka."

Of religious plays and interludes by which the day was celebrated in the middle ages, "The Passion of our Lord" was one, the Creation, Deluge, Susannah, Dives and Lazarus, Burial of Christ, and scenes neither taken from the Old Testament nor the New, were others. Even the whiskered artists are not wholly novel, though the part assigned to them may be. They were anciently made to act an easier part in France. At Aix, on the festival of Corpus Christi, the finest Tom Cat of the country, wrapt in swaddling clothes,

like a child, was exhibited in a magnificent shrine to public admiration. [Hone's E. D. Book.]

June 11.—This day is not designated, as with us, Corpus Christi, but "Corpo de Deos," and celebrated, in the language of the Calendars, "By a solemn procession of the Body of God, with the assistance of their Imperial Majesties and Court." Under date of the 14th inst., "Procession of the Body of God in the Parishes of St. José and Candelaria." On the 21st inst., "Festival and Procession of the Body of God, in the Parishes of St. Rita, St. Anna and the Gloria," &c. This is the uniform language of the Church and people, and sounds strange enough in ears not used to it.

The early morning promised a splendid day. The Corcovado, in verdant vesture, and set off by the bright ethereal ground behind, reared his head in glorious relief, as if he too had donned his best in honor of the festival, and was waiting for it to begin. But lo! within an hour he shrank out of sight; the smiling heavens put on a face of sorrow, and burst suddenly into tears, which flowed without interruption till after nine o'clock, when it ceased, and I started for the city. The streets were thronged with people of every age and color, hoping against hope, for the sky was again lowering, and soon a drizzling rain set in.

As I reached the Quarters, i. e. the Church of the Hero, groups of whites and blacks stood by and thickened near the door. A troop of cavalry was present to escort him down to the Imperial Chapel, where the Emperor, Ministers of State, Legislators, Provincial Governors, officers of the Army, Judges, Sacerdotal Chiefs, and élite of both sexes, were waiting to receive him; and whence he leads the greatest of Rio pomps through the chief parts of the city—rockets and ringing of bells announcing his arrival and departure. A band of music is also in attendance. Most of the men have left their horses in the alley, and got into the houses to escape the rain. The Champion's steed, richly caparisoned, is in a stable near at hand.

Suppose we go in and get a glimpse of the hero, whom the State, Church, and people thus unite to honor—at whose appearance thousands are ready to rush from their dwellings to hail, and beauty and fashion fly to balconies to welcome him with smiles, waving scarfs and mouchoirs. The delay caused by the weather affords an opportunity to pay one's respects to him before he leaves home. He is now holding a levee.

(It is rather common for men passing a church, as they go along the streets, to remove their hats. That gentleman just passed is the fourth I have observed do it here.)

A native of the East, St. George's fane reminds one of Arabian palaces, with exteriors indicative of poverty's abodes. Here is neither steeple, tower, nor clock; no vestibule, railings, steps, nor even flagging to separate its precincts from the common carriage-way, so that a cart may as easily be turned in as round the corner. The front elevation resembles the gable end of a barn—no higher, wider, and hardly more tasteful. The sill is, if anything, below the wet and clammy pavement. All things look mean about it, and in character with the neighborhood in which it is located, even to the red curtain that hangs between the door jambs. It is faded, worn out, and borrowed from a sister saint, "Luzia," whose name is wrought on it. Individuals keep pushing it to one side and the other as they enter and come forth. Some whites and most of the colored folks bring out in their hands a

small wood-cut print of the hero slaying the dragon.

Is the reader, like myself, anxious to learn whether the interior agrees or disagrees with this mean outside? Let us pass in and judge.

No officials guard the entrance. Every one goes in and out at pleasure. We now stepped up, removed our hat, and pressed the yielding screen aside. Ah! the scene does take one by surprise. It exceeds by far one's anticipations. The poorest looking of churches without, it is within the most splan—no—wretched is the word. The walls are rough and the rafters bare; the damp floor gives way under one's feet. Here and there the decayed planks are covered with bits of old carpet. A committee of three sit at a table "exchanging" portraits of their patron for vintems and milreis. The only altar faces the door, and is lighted up with twenty candles. Not over fifty persons are present, and they nearly fill the place.

Why so great a benefactor should be lodged so shabbily, when doubtful ones have rich mansions and domains, seems unaccountable. There he is! standing on the floor by the left wall, close to the altar rails. Let us go up to him. A plumed helmet on—a cambric tippet with lace frills round his neck and borders over his shoulders—a cross of diamonds, real or artificial, pendent on his bosom from a scarlet ribbon—a crimson tunic, with skirts reaching to his knees—black velvet leggings or boots, with spurs of massive silver. His feet are in curiously formed stirrups, also of silver, their leathers being attached to his thighs. He grasps a shield in his left hand, and holds a baton in the other. He is of goodly stature, if he stood upright; but being prepared to mount, and only waiting for the weather to clear up, his feet are spread out, ready to stride the saddle. To prevent weariness from remaining in that position, he is supported by a prop, whose front is concealed by scarlet drapery. But see the figure, which is however too spirited, if anything. The face has no expression, and inclines downwards in the original.



A mantle lies ready to be thrown over him when mounted. Every one has free access to him. I stood near, and examined his person and attire pretty closely; on one or two points adding the sense of touch to that of sight. The armador came round occasionally, and readjusted parts of the costume. He removed the shield. It was made of tin plate, a joint running through the middle, the convex side being painted and coated with silver bronze. This did not appear till then. A short sword in its sheath was now strapped round his body, and muslin frills put round the wrists. His face is anything but a war-



rior's: without beard, mustachio, or whiskers, it is smooth as a female's. Most of the women, as they came in front, curtsied to him, stood and looked, made another obeisance, and retired. While the shield was off, several old ladies crowded up, one, from her appearance, not less than eighty years of age. She gazed on him, curtsied, crossed herself, gazed again on his vacant face, then fervently pressed her lips to his hand, drew back, curtsied once more, and went out. Others did the same. Three or four females sat full an hour contemplating him.

Before replacing the shield, the artist tied on armlets of pasteboard, colored in imitation of armor. The breast plate was of the same material.

Fastening stirrup leathers to the bodies of riders is an unique feature in equestrian habiliments. None but a miraculous horseman could raise himself in the saddle by them. But greater things are reputed to be done by Saint George.

It was now past noon, and still showery. It became more and more probable that the pageant would not take place. A few soldiers kept riding off for orders every half hour. At 1 P. M. the entire Guard of Honor to the Saint left. At 2, the public suspense was ended by the discharge of all the troops out. The disappointment was general. I dare say hundreds wept, and not a few of the little angels, whose wings were kept fluttering with expectation so many hours. Having obtained one of the Blessed Pictures of the Saint, indirectly, from the Committee, I left at once for the Chapel in Palace Square, and found it crowded. Two rows of Halberdiers, the Emperor's Body Guard, extended from the door to the altar, forming a clear passage for a miniature procession. The front part, on either side, was jammed with blacks—not slaves; the organ was playing, and eunuchs singing; but such was the heat and odor, that without going out every few minutes to breathe fresh air, I could not have remained if the choir had been angelic. A stout negro dropped and was borne out as dead. Soon after another fell likewise.

At length the programme was arranged. First came chanting Eunuchs, assisted by artists from the Opera Company—the Brotherhood with candles—Priests and Canons, and other holy characters—a Bishop in his robes and strange looking mitre, under a canopy, bearing the Host in a Golden Vase or Pix—the Emperor with a lighted candle decorated with gold and silver leaf—Ministers of State, each carrying a candle—Ministers' and high Officers' sons in full court costume, reminding one of similar little gentlemen in Morris dances or Tom Thumbs in Court uniforms. Lastly the guard with their burnished weapons glittering in their hands. In this order they passed three times up and down the floor, and so wound up the official ceremonies and devotions of the day. The Empress was too unwell to attend.

Thus has the great Holiday ended, to the severe disappointment of actors dressed to play their parts, and of a waiting audience. Five thousand are wending homewards out of humor, and in garments soiled and spoiled with wet and mud. Too fatigued to witness the Grimalkin and other performances in the Campo, I turned to the Cattete, which I did not reach till after dark, my white pantaloons of the morning now of hodden grey. The streets were in a horrid condition from the rain, and in Rua dos Invalidos I stumbled into

a pool. The poor lavandeiras may well deprecate these public spectacles.

Comparatively few shops were open. Fewer far than on Sundays.

Desirous of further acquaintance with the canonized warrior, I made a point of calling when in the neighborhood, but never found his place open. One day in July H—— and I in passing observed a negro standing at the entrance of a small yard communicating with the chapel. He was assis an to the sacristan, then out collecting alms, and expected every minute to dinner. After some objections, which a few vintems softened, he let us into the chapel through a side door. It looked no better than before. The low damp walls were void of ornament, except a solitary waxen head and two little votive tablets be considered pictures, or that plain square white-washed projecting box five feet above the floor, picturesque. It is the pulpit. Our attendant says they have a ladder somewhere for the preacher to get up, but it has not been wanted for years. The rotten floor yielded to our pressure at every step.

A few worn out wooden candlesticks, and an old crucifix on a table, tanned with age and covered with a piece of muslin, made up the altar apparatus. Above was a four foot figure of the Patron Hero, too busy with the dragon to return our compliments. "Who is that placed in a glass case under him?" "That," said the black, "is Nossa Senhora da Conceição." "Why, what is she doing here?" He could not tell—only that she brought in "more alms than San Jorge." "But why has she not an altar to herself?" He didn't know. The wax and wooden votos are acknowledgments of her "miraculous" interference in behalf of her friends. One tablet tells us that João dos Santos Viana was given up by two physicians. He prayed to her and she appeared visibly to and healed him. A painting on the tablet represents him languishing in bed, the two doctors, his wife and children near him, and our lady bursting through the ceiling. The other "milagre" was the snatching out of the very jaws of the grim monster a poor woman "who had great devotion towards the lady of Conceição."

"But where is San Jorge himself? We want to see him, as he did not come out last month." The sexton's deputy hesitated—ran out—looked up, then down the street—bolted the yard door—came back, and unlocked a closet at the end of a dark passage. Here was the Saint in his privacy, or rather prison, for he had not an inch of room to spare, and not a ray of light by which to move if he had more. Naked too—not a rag to his back—stripped as clean by his friends as if a troop of Ishmaelites had met him—nothing but darkness to conceal his nakedness. I scarcely recognised him. Here he is in real dishabille, and seated on a tressel.



This miraculous old Image is that of a tall and stout man. It is carved solid out of heavy wood. The head and trunk are of one piece, and the arms, spiked on, are immovable. The lower limbs only move—they are jointed precisely like those of dolls. The face and hands are smoothed and painted to resemble life, being the only parts not covered when publicly exposed; the rest are much as the maker left them, variegated with notches left by the carpenter's adze, and dabs of color in trying his brush by the painter. To secure the image on horseback a perpendicular bar of iron rises from the saddle and enters the trunk.

Our cicerone became uneasy. He wanted to shut up the closet and return the key to its place before I had well begun the sketch. He breathed freer when it was finished. Poor fellow! he is perhaps a slave and fears a flogging. He begged us to leave, and we followed him into the yard to get out. In a twinkling the door was unbolted—in another we were in the act of stepping forth, when who should prevent us but the dreaded official himself, coming sweating and panting in! Here was a scrape, and one we were solacing ourselves with the thought of having avoided; as there was no running away we had to stand and make the best of it. H—— muttered, "The deuce!"—but in a few minutes had so wrought on the old gentleman that he was willing to show us anything or impart any information in his power. I was introduced as a foreigner who had made pilgrimages to many Saints abroad, and wished to see the only one in Christendom that rides on horseback. This was an "Open Sesame"—a passport to his affections. "San Jorge" was a greater Saint than he had thought of—to his surprise, more distinguished than any male one in the calendar. The subject touched his soul, and he began a history of George's affairs, complaining wofully of their low condition.

On a stand near a banana tree, the only thing green or growing in the yard, was a covered plate and farinha in a bowl formed of half a calabash—his dinner. H——, pointing in its direction, quoted the popular axiom, "An empty sack can't stand," and apologised for our untimely visit. By way of parenthesis only, he replied that he was neither hungry nor fatigued, and went on with his tale of sorrow. I see him now, so vividly is his image with me. Over sixty, under a medium height, meagre and grey. His long and narrow face made longer by a falling of the lower jaw, as if the cords that raise it had become excessively relaxed. The mouth thus kept open exposes a long and narrow tooth reclining in a horizontal position upon and projecting over the lip like a calverin pointed at one from a port-hole. It is so loose as to move up and down with perfect freedom when its owner speaks. However suddenly the labial drops, it is never left behind. Immediately in its rear, a tall and pointed one stands erect, adding to the singularity of the good man's grinders. No whiskers fringe his collapsed cheeks, but H——'s brief interrogatories repeatedly induce his languid eyes to open and push up their shaggy brows among the wrinkles of his forehead, as he exclaims in tones of eager admiration, "Si, Senhor! Si, si, Senhor!"

His expanded umbrella still between the sun and his bare head, with the alms-dish in his other hand, there he stands in his crimson "alva." An orange is the only "esmola" in the sacred vessel—the donation of some poverty-stricken devotee. The vintems, it is presumed, have been handed to the priest or proper offi-

cer, but perishable things cannot go into the treasury, they must be used by the Church when fresh; hence our friend and his professional brethren take almost daily home, little edible contributions—an egg or two, plantains, bananas, &c.—holy additions to their desserts or their dinners.

While speaking, the orange rolled out of the dish. I picked it up and relieved him of the latter, when I perceived, as I had suspected, that I had seen him and it before. He it was whom H—one day bantered about cribbing part of his collections. He was told I had seen him in the Cattete; he said that he goes there occasionally to collect for Our Lady of Conceição, but never on St. George's account.

(The black from within stole an inquiring glance at us, anxious to ascertain whether he had done wrong in admitting us.)

He told H—I was mistaken in supposing the large stone block in the street with two iron bannisters fastened in it was designed to assist the Saint to mount and dismount. The rods are for the purpose of having secured to them "Alms Boxes of San Jorge and Nossa Senhora," to receive contributions from passing friends.

The Saint, he says, invariably gets on and off his horse in the church, adding—"We have had great trouble since his old charger died—one presented to him by Pedro I., and kept at Christoval exclusively for him. Be aware that we shall never meet with so gentle and fine a steed; though he only came here once a year, he knew his master well, and took delight in bearing the holy burden—putting himself in a stooping posture to receive it. Know, that he carried the Saint with dignity.

"It is true the present Emperor has given us one from his own stables, and which it was thought would equal the other. He has proved a wicked beast. The first time he came he got so unruly that we were in despair. When brought into the church and the saddle was carefully strapped, he began to squirm and shrink from the holy burden. With much difficulty we got the Saint properly seated on him. But no sooner was he led out and the usual signals of the Saint being mounted began [rockets and ringing of bells], than the vile brute became almost unmanageable—capering and starting so, that the brothers whose duty it is to grasp the legs and thighs to keep the body upright and steady, could hardly hold on. Comprehend that the girths slackened, and San George was dishonored! Rocking in his saddle all the way to the Imperial Chapel as if he had been drunk! Thanks to our energies and the Saint's, he was not thrown off as we all feared! It was an evil omen—his affairs have never prospered since! The Devil!"

Here the afflicted Sacristan suddenly asked H—"Have you seen him?"

"Who? The De—"

"No. The Saint."

"Yes; we were shocked to find him locked in a dark closet naked. We should like to look at his wardrobe and jewels."

"Ah! that's impossible. We have no clothing for him, and are too poor to buy any. Since Senhora—the last of his rich friends, died, he has no one to dress him as becomes him. She used to put all her jewels on his helmet,\* so great was her devotion. We have nothing but his banner, spurs, and saddle—yes, there is his spear, but it is of wood. We con-

tract with an armador to clothe him once a year, and that is all we can do."

It was suggested that, as "Defender of the country," he was certainly entitled to the commission and pay of a colonel, as much or more so than St. Anthony. "Si, Senhor." "It was a shame to leave him thus neglected." "Si, Senhor; si, Senhor, si," said the Sacristan, adding—"Ah, in Lisbon the Saint receives or did receive, the pay of a Lieut. Colonel, and his Chapel there is very rich."

I began to imagine myself in Pagan Rome, conversing in the precincts of a temple with a semi-sacerdotal character, on the condition of the gods within, but H—roused me, and we left with an invitation to call again.

### Reviews.

*The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.* By Acton Bell, the author of *Wuthering Heights*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

THERE is no longer a doubt that the public is threatened with an infinite series of novels of a new class, which will be strung on, like the knotted tail of a kite, to the popular work "Jane Eyre." That book has been already sufficiently discussed, and we purpose here confining our remarks to the crude though powerful productions named at the head of this article. The mind that conceived them is one of great strength and fervor, but coarse almost to brutality. Its owner may be descended from a jarl or a sea-king; but though his name be written on the roll of Battle-Abbey, there is a leaven of intense vulgarity in his very fibre that no washings of heraldry can ever efface. But we mean not to be offensively severe on this trait—we only want his American readers to recognise it while doing just homage to his genius. The reality of these writings makes them seize upon the public mind; and already there is the liveliest discussion about their principles, when in fact the danger from their diffusion lies much nearer the surface. For good taste supplies the *antenna* or feelers as to what is right with half the world, and if that be perverted the weaker part at least are sure to go wrong.

Let us illustrate. The delightful tales of Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, are full of grossness; but these tell for nothing with the reader of education. 'Tis a man of genius whom he knows to have been originally low in his associations, describing scenes of social life through his own peculiar appointed medium of viewing them. But in the novels of Acton Bell the public mind is fixed as yet only upon the *genius* of the writer: his pictures of nature are unsurpassed, and his pictures of life being almost equally vivid, we take his delineations of the better classes of society in the north of England with the same confidence that we accord to his delineations of scenery. And yet what a set of boorish eubs, nauseating profligates, and diabolical ruffians, does he present us, as specimens of the social life, whether immediately around him, or among the gay and far-descended, with whose habits and peculiarities he claims to be more or less familiar! In "Wuthering Heights," all his far-descended demi-noblesse of the north of England would be out of place in a decent American kitchen. And in his last book the beautiful tenant of Wildfell Hall, the heiress of parks and villas, and the belle of a London season, marries a boor, whom the writer describes as lacking either spirit, generosity, or language to make a full apology to her invalid

brother, whom he has nearly beaten to death by mistake; and this caiff ditcher, who should have been passed out of the window with a farm-yard fork, the writer makes his hero; because he can talk sentiment, and criticise pictures, loves poetry, and has something more than a peasant's meteorological observation of the influence of the weather on the landscape.

But it may be said, "there is a good deal of human nature about the whole thing." There is the blindness of the critic! It is the writer's genius which makes his incongruities appear natural. When or where was there such a state of society, such a jumble of character and manners as he describes. His London Buck, Mr. Huntingdon, belongs to the squirearchy period of Smollett and Fielding's novels—the wife of the profligate to the sentimental, progress women of the present era. His "Gilbert Markham" has the intelligence of a country gentleman that might have flourished in some pleasant hamlet on the North river; but he commits an assault and battery upon "the squire" that would have wrought an indictment wherever our country squires are to be found; while his very apology, if it did not provoke a call for pistols and coffee in the party outraged, would have insured his being set ashore from a Mississippi steamboat as unfit to associate with the cabin passengers. Such gross incongruities of character do undoubtedly exist in individuals the world over; but can this sort of half-civilization, half-brutification, be characteristic of English society in any portion of that highly artificial country? Is it customary to find the combination of the boor and the bravo (both male and female by the way) in hereditary possession of long-descended estates like *Wuthering Heights*? Is it characteristic of "English Respectabilities"—the landholders, common law men, or gig-keeping classes—to unite manners and principles like those of Huntingdon to property and position like his—or intelligence and taste like that of Markham to his clownishness?

We shrewdly suspect these books to be written by some gifted and retired woman, whose principal notions of men are derived from other books; or who, taking some walking automaton of her native village for a model, throws in certain touches of rascality, of uncouthness or boisterousness, to make her lay figures animated and, as she thinks, masculine. If any one chooses to study her male characters, it will be found that all that is good or attractive about them is or might be womanish, while all that is bad relishes either of the flash English novel, or of the melodramas of Kotzebue's day.

But what, then, do we leave this writer as the secret of her power?—It is comprised in vigor of thought, freshness and naturalness of expression, and remarkable reality of description. No matter how untrue to life her scene or character may be, the vividness and fervor of her imagination is such that she instantly realizes it. And herein lies the undoubted test—the distinctive power—the often sad gift of genius, viz. the thorough sympathy with, the living in, the intense realization of the creations of its own fancy. There are many thoroughly matter of fact scenes in these books so literally depicted that we read them only as faithful transcripts of the writer's experience; yet these very scenes are not unlikely to originate just as much in the conceptions of fancy as any others. You cannot detect the *joining* on of the real to the unreal, in a writer of genius, from the simple fact that the images of

\* When the French, in 1807, entered Lisbon, the bonnet on the head of St. George is said to have been one of the first things in the churches sought after. They had heard of the *genie* that enriched it.



the latter are often more vivid to his own mind than the actual pictures drawn by the former. But you may trace his identities through the medium of his tastes, natural or conventional. If these are coarse he will certainly betray himself at some time, like the cat who, endowed as a princess, instinctively betrayed the royal dignity, when a mouse at the foot of the throne called out her feline prepossessions.

The work before us, although infinitely inferior to, yet in some respects greatly resembles Jane Eyre: not alone in manner of thinking, but in the execution. Like its predecessor, it is an autobiography. One-half of it consists of letters from Gilbert Markham to his brother-in-law, giving an account of his career; the remainder, of a journal kept by Helen Graham (we hate to give her any other name than the one we knew her by) of her own life. Here is the argument. Helen Lawrence is wooed and won by Arthur Huntingdon, a fascinating, profligate scoundrel, of good family and fortune. Shortly after marriage, he returns to his wonted scenes of vice and debauchery, and wickedness generally, and his brutality towards his wife gradually eradicates every feeling of her heart, in which he has a place, save that of utter loathing and hatred. In fact, one of the chief improbabilities of the book consists in the absurdity of supposing any community or family in England would tolerate such a household as Mr. Huntingdon's among them. In this world men do not maltreat their wives, seduce openly other men's, and beat their brothers-in-law with impunity. In our American world, at least, some friendly bullet would rapidly cure such disagreeable habits. At length, however, things reach such a pass at Grassdale, that either the wife or the mistress must yield precedence; and in this crisis the former flies, with her little boy, to Wildfell Hall, her family's seat, where she remains unknown to any of her friends save her brother, earning a scanty support by her pencil; for, like Jane Eyre, she was a skilful artist. Long unoccupied, the Hall was very ruinous, and her retreat was unsuspected by her persecutors: but to make herself more secure she assumes the name of Graham, and passes for a widow among the inhabitants of the neighborhood.

We cite a description of Wildfell Hall and its fair tenant:—

"About two miles from Linden-car, stood Wildfell Hall, a superannuated mansion of the Elizabethan era, built of dark grey stone; venerable and picturesque to look at, but, doubtless, cold and gloomy enough to inhabit, with its thick stone mullions and little latticed panes, its time-eaten air holes, and its too lonely, too unsheltered situation, only shielded from the war of wind and weather by a group of Scotch firs, themselves half blighted with storms, and looking as cold and desolate as the Hall itself. Behind it lay a few desolate fields, and then, the brown heath-clad summit of the hill: before it (enclosed by stone walls, and entered by an iron gate with large balls of grey granite, similar to those which decorated the roof and gables surmounting the gate posts) was a garden, once stocked with such hardy plants and flowers as could best brook the soil and climate, and such trees and shrubs as could best endure the gardener's torturing shears, and most readily assume the shapes he chose to give them, now, having been left so many years, untilled and untrimmed, abandoned to the weeds and the grass, to the frost and the wind, the rain and the drought, it presented a very singular appearance indeed. The close green walls of privet, that had bordered the principal walk, were two-thirds withered away, and the rest grown beyond all reasonable bounds; the old box-wood

swan, that sat beside the scraper, had lost its neck and half its body; the castellated towers of laurel, in the middle of the garden, the gigantic warrior that stood on one side of the gateway, and the lion that guarded the other, were sprouted into such fantastic shapes as resembled nothing either in heaven or earth, or in the waters under the earth; but, to my young imagination, they presented all of them a goblinish appearance, that harmonized well with the ghostly legends and dark traditions our old nurse had told us respecting the haunted Hall and its departed occupants."

And now for the Mariana of this Moated Grange, as she first appeared to the titular author at church.

"I beheld a tall, lady-like figure, clad in black. Her face was towards me, and there was something in it, which, once seen, invited me to look again. Her hair was raven black, and disposed in long, glossy ringlets, a style of coiffure rather unusual in those days, but always graceful and becoming; her complexion was clear and pale; her eyes I could not see, for being bent upon her prayer book, they were concealed by their drooping lids and long black lashes, but the brows above were expressive and well defined, the forehead was lofty and intelligent, the nose a perfect aquiline, and the features, in general, unexceptionable—only there was a slight hollowness about the cheeks and eyes, and the lips, though finely formed, were a little too thin, a little too firmly compressed, and had something about them that betokened, I thought, no very soft or amiable temper."

And afterwards, we learn that "her eyes were full of soul, large, clear, and nearly black—not brown, but very dark grey."

As may be surmised, Mr. Gilbert Markham soon becomes madly enamored of the soi-disant Helen Graham; nor is his passion unreturned. Principle, however, and a firm sense of virtuous rectitude, triumph in Helen's bosom, as it did in that of Jane Eyre, and her lover is peremptorily dismissed. As usual with lovers, Gilbert enacts the usual quantity of fantastic freaks before high heaven, and goes through the customary agonies of hope, jealousy, despair, and settled triumphant happiness, all of which are well portrayed by our author, Mr. Huntingdon being on his deathbed, his wife returns to him to smoothe his dying pillow; and after his happy (to her) departure, becomes united to the man of her post-nuptial choice.

In all this the reader will discover a strong family likeness to the plot of Jane Eyre, which purports to be written by a brother of the author. It may be curious to point out some few additional proofs of this resemblance. In both, the heroines, so soon as troubles thicken around them, take to the open country under an assumed name, like Rosalind and Celia, in the Forest of Arden, where they keep themselves concealed, and suffer hardships. Certainly, they ought to have had a legal adviser to show them the use of their country's laws. And so in style does this likeness exist. Every one remembers, in Jane Eyre, how beautifully, in a few words, a whole landscape is presented to the reader—aye, and more than that—how cunningly or how magically the author conveys the scene he (or she) describes to the mind's eye, so as not only to impress it with the mere view, but to speak, as it were, to the imagination, to the inner sense, as is ever the case with the Poetry as the Painting of real genius. This same mysterious word-painting is one of the features of the present tale. How plainly, how distinctly, do the following pictures present themselves to us, and with

what a mystic language do they appeal to our hearts.

"A pretty sketch of Lindenhope from the top of the hill; another view of the old Hall, basking in the summer's haze of a quiet sunny afternoon; and a simple but striking picture of a child brooding with looks of silent, but deep and sorrowful regret, over a handful of withered flowers, with glimpses of dark, low hills and autumnal fields behind it, and a dull, beclouded sky above."

We might quote another painting, from Chapter XVIII.—but the above will declare sufficiently for itself, that no other pencil painted it than the one, which, guided by the little fingers of Jane Eyre, portrayed the likeness of "the shape, that shape had none;" the Cormorant Scene; and the form "of Hesper, on the brow of eve."

Now, gentle reader, close your eye, and say, do you not see this view as plainly as though you stood on the hillside?

"At length our walk was ended. The increasing height and boldness of the hills had for some time intercepted the prospect; but, on gaining the summit of a steep acclivity, and looking downward, an opening lay before us—and the blue sea burst upon our sight! deep violet blue—not deadly calm, but covered with glinting breakers—diminutive white specks twinkling on its bosom, and scarcely to be distinguished by the keenest vision, from the little sea-mews that floated ashore, their white wings glittering in the sunshine; only one or two vessels were visible; and those were far away."

One more quotation, to show that our author is as much at home in the wintry fields as on the summer waters, and we have done.

"My heart sank within me to behold that stately mansion in the midst of its expansive grounds—the park, as beautiful now, in its wintry garb, as it could be in its summer glory; the majestic sweep, the undulating swell and fall, displayed to full advantage in that robe of dazzling purity, stainless and printless—save one long winding track, left by the trooping deer; the stately timber trees, with their heavily-laden branches gleaming white against the dull, grey sky; the deep, encircling woods; the broad expanse of water sleeping in frozen quiet; and the weeping ash and willow drooping their snow-clad boughs above it—all presented a picture, striking indeed, but by no means encouraging to me."

We have yet a few remarks to add before taking leave of these works. We have at the opening of this article expressed our sense of the author's views of life and society in sufficiently decided terms. But after placing him (or her) in about the same social position as the rarely endowed author of the *Queen's Wake*; and accounting for many coarsenesses upon the same score that every one excuses them in the prose tales of the *Ettrick Shepherd*, we do not believe one word in the charge of immorality so often brought against these books. An aberration of taste, an ignorance of society, must by no means be confounded with a departure from principle. But still further, while we hold the writer responsible at the bar of criticism for painting life and manners as they really exist—yet as to the correctness of his characters in the abstract, we assuredly do not mean to hold him or any other author responsible.

We consider him here solely an artist. Who holds Moses accountable for the conduct of the children of Korah? or praises the morals of Tom Moore, because sweet Fanny of Pimnol resisted the devil in a stage coach? Why must an author father all the sins com-

mitted in his books? Yet, after all, no such apology or defence is here necessary. In tracing her career, the heroine tells truthfully everything that would interest the reader, however much the cool head of worldly calculation or of self-complacent inexperience may sneer at or condemn it. Who does not cry Amen to the indignant malison Jane Eyre denounces against her devilish aunt? Alas for poor human nature! who can justly discriminate between the glow of triumph at the ruin of Helen Graham's persecutors, and the recognition of the mysterious hand of Providence in their downfall? To speak for ourselves, we cannot. Homo sum; nihil humanum a me alienum puto. In the sublime exodus of Helen Burns through her dreary vale of life, whose arm is not twined around her waist, supporting her fainting steps? And when she sweetly goes to sleep, to wake in Jesus, with her arms around the neck of Jane Eyre, the warm young heart of the one beating against the marble cold form of the other, like a silver lamp in a vase of alabaster, who can repress the "tears, that from the depths of some divine despair, rise to the heart and gather to the eyes?" Or gazing on the twain, the living and the dead, lying like blushing roses upon December's snow, who does not breathe an aspiration, that in the hour of death and at the day of judgment, his lot may be cast with that of the poor, neglected, half-starved country child, whom God and man united to make an orphan of the soul as of the body?

To pursue further the ideas that call forth the censure of some estimable judges of character against them. We are told that no woman, unless divested of all those finer sensibilities that constitute the chief graces of her heart, could possibly comport herself towards any man as do the heroines before us, Helen and Jane. Again we doubt all this. Utterly inexperienced as we are in the labyrinthine intricacies of the heart of woman, we may err in our conceptions of its nature. But still, we contend that it was not possible for Jane Eyre, loving as she did with all the nervous tension of which the heart is capable, to act otherwise than she did. The affections of a woman are like the tendrils of a vine; in their infancy they are tender and susceptible, but when for a time they have encircled the limb in their grasp, and have been exposed as well to the cold winds of Spring as to the hot suns of Summer, they become obdurate and hard; and then is the object of her affection "grappled to her soul with hooks of steel." It is contrary to the very spirit of Love to sit in judgment on every little peccadillo of his votaries. How could any one mould her heart to love one whom she had never seen, solely on grounds of esteem? If such were the case, if reason alone dictated in such matters, a man might marry his grandmother as likely as any one else. No, cold, deliberate calculation can never originate, though it may control love. The mariner who loosens his sails to the gale, may as well seek to make the wind blow from what quarter he listeth.

"Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought;  
Nor voice nor sound betrays  
Its deep impassioned gaze.

"It comes—the beautiful, the free,  
The crown of all humanity—  
In silence and alone  
To seek the elected one."

It is sheer nonsense to say that because the ceremonials of society—that wholesome framework of conventionality which makes the common sense of the many in times past and

present, the stay and support against which the weak and the bewildered may always lean with safety—it is sheer nonsense to say that these useful but arbitrary rules for discreet guidance, must always inevitably interfere between the earthly—perhaps the eternal happiness of two beings whose destiny is wound up in each other! Prims and Prudes may decry passages exhibiting the heart as it is, but as honest Jack Falstaff says, "Is not the truth the truth?" what more can we say? However objectionable these works may be to crude minds which cannot winnow the chaff of vulgarity from the rich grain of genius which burdens them, very many, while enjoying their freshness and vigor, will gladly hail their appearance, as boldly and eloquently developing blind places of wayward passion in the human heart, which it is far more interesting to trace than all the bustling lanes and murky alleys through which the will-o'-wisp genius of Dickens has so long led the public mind.\*

*History of New Netherland, or New York under the Dutch.* By E. B. O'Callaghan, M.D.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE liberal policy of the Dutch, in admitting all colonists of every nation, to the rights of citizenship in the New Netherlands, provided they took the oath of allegiance, undoubtedly stamped that character of cosmopolitanism upon New York which she maintains to this day; even Paris itself being not more characteristically the free home of "the wide world's citizen." But this liberal policy of the Hollanders, to which we are now indebted for a freedom from all provinciality—although inevitable in its effect in ultimately giving to New York the character of a metropolis, had often a most deleterious influence upon her prosperity in the early days of the colony; while its existence elsewhere unquestionably has ever promoted the growth of that public spirit and unanimity of action among their citizens which characterizes Boston and Philadelphia, and more especially the homogeneous population of the former city.

The following extract shows how seriously the administration of Stuyvesant was embarrassed by the action of the mixed population at a season of great alarm and exigency:

#### THE TROUBLES OF A MIXED POPULATION.

"Whilst the Dutch were thus engaged preparing against the public enemy, the English on Long Island were busy plotting against their adopted country. Gravesend, 'where a gang of robbers, pirates, and other miscreants had been skulking for a long time,' was the head-quarters of the malcontents, and of these George Baxter and Sergeant Hubbard were now the leading spirits. The disorders in this town were already of several years' standing. In the beginning of 1651, a party had succeeded in introducing certain changes in the mode of electing the magistrates, in evident contradiction to the provisions of their charter. Instead of openly and collectively nominating and electing 'three of the ablest, approved honest men,' it was enacted that 'one leading man' should be chosen to nominate a second, 'whom in his discretion he should think meet;' these two were then to

select a third; the three a fourth, and these four a fifth and sixth. Of these six so chosen, three were to be magistrates for the first year, and the other three assistants when required, to succeed to the magistracy, if the townsmen did not object, and to be presented to the Director 'in the place of the old.' This order was to be in force for two years 'without alteration, the one sett the other alternately succeeding.' In case any of these six should die or leave the town, those that remained in office were to propose others to fill the vacancy, this being, it was alleged, 'the custom and manner of the moste wisest corporations see to go on.'

"The situation of affairs, at the time, was such as to induce the Director and Council to connive at these irregularities. Baxter, it is but right to add, objected to these, and called on the Director to veto the nomination, 'for after this rate the most undeserving man may be chosen, to the trouble and undoing of honest men of good estates.' When the nomination was sent in for the following year, its ratification was postponed, and finally allowed only on the magistrates taking oath of fidelity to the authorities both in Holland and New Netherland. But the occurrences of 1653 had seriously weaned men's affections from the government, and oath of allegiance were no longer considered binding. Rumors of the intended massacre of the inhabitants of the English towns by Frenchmen and savages in the pay of the Dutch were industriously bruited abroad, and when the news came of the intended invasion from New England, Middleburgh proposed that the English should 'open the ball,' whilst Gravesend issued letters of marque; entered into a direct correspondence with Boston, and proposed to cut out the Company's ship, the Solomon, then lying before New Amsterdam, and carry her to Virginia. In further prosecution of their disaffection, the management of the affairs of the town was vested in a board of twelve men, who were empowered to choose magistrates and appoint all local officers, and the right of the Director and Council to pass on such nominations was altogether discarded.

"In New Amsterdam the English residents were equally active in correspondence with the enemy; spreading alarm everywhere; removing their goods and furniture; 'stirring to mutiny the otherwise well disposed' within, and communicating to privateers, without, the situation of the city. Proclamations were issued to stay these disorders. Persons found removing their property became subject to the confiscation of their effects and banishment; circulators of false reports were to be severely punished, and every means was adopted to arrest the progress of the general degradation.

"But at a moment when society was resolving itself into its primary elements, it pleased Providence to save the country from the dangers with which it was threatened. The English fleet was on the eve of sailing from Boston, when a London merchant ship entered that port with a copy of the proclamation of Peace 'between Judah and Benjamin—England and Holland—to the exulting joy of those who delight in the Glory of God, and who love their Fatherland.' A day of general thanksgiving was immediately proclaimed. 'Praise the Lord, O England's Jerusalem; and Netherland's Sion, praise ye the Lord! He hath secured your gates, and blessed your possessions with peace, even here, where the threatened torch of war was lighted; where the waves reached our lips, and subsided only through the power of the Almighty'—were the grateful terms in which Director Stuyvesant announced the good news to the anxious burghers."

It has often been remarked that the Dutch in planting this colony exposed themselves far more than did the founders of other States of the Union, by penetrating as they did into the interior, and sitting down at the head of tide water, instead of concentrating themselves upon a few points along the coast, as was the

\* Note.—At the risk of being esteemed hypercritical, we wish to point out a little anachronism of our author. It is in October, 1827, that Wildfist Hall receives its tenant. About the time of the harvest-moon in the ensuing summer (1828) Gilbert is attracted by a volume upon her table that he had not seen before. It was Sir Humphrey Davy's *Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher* (Chap. XV.). With all respect for Mr. Bell, his hero must have had uncommonly good eyes if he had seen it before: inasmuch as it was not even written, and probably not imagined, at the time he mentions. It was written at Rome, in the winter of 1828-9, and the first edition published not before January 6, 1830.



case with the English. At the time when the strength of the colony was nearly equally distributed at Albany, Esopus, and Mannhattans, the fearful events occurred which are described in the following extract:

#### THE INDIAN FORAY OF 1665.

"A party of savages, Mohegans, Pachamis, with others from Esopus, Hackingsack, Tappaan, Stamford, and Onkeway, as far east as Connecticut, estimated by some to amount to nineteen hundred in number, from five to eighteen hundred of whom were armed, landed suddenly before daybreak, in sixty-four canoes, at New Amsterdam, and whilst the greater part of the inhabitants were still buried in sleep, scattered themselves through the streets, and burst into several of the houses, on pretence of looking for 'Indians from the North,' but in reality to avenge the death of a squaw, whom Van Dyck, the late Attorney-general, had killed for stealing a few peaches from his garden. The Council, magistrates, and principal citizens assembled in the fort, and calling the chief Sachems before them, inquired the cause of this irruption. They succeeded in prevailing on them to quit the place by sundown, and to retire to Nut Island. Instead, however, of observing their promise, when evening arrived they became bolder, shot Van Dyck in the breast with an arrow, and felled Captain Leendersten to the ground with an axe. 'The hue and cry of murder now rang through the streets.' Urged on by Van Tienhoven, the military and burgher corps rushed from the fort, attacked the Indians, and forced them to take to their canoes, leaving three of their men dead on the shore. The Dutch lost Cornelis van Loon and Jan de Vischer. Three others were wounded. The savages now crossed over to the western side of the river. 'In a moment a house at Hoboken was on fire, and the whole of Pavonia was wrapt in flames.' With the exception of Michel Jansen's family, every man was killed, together with all the cattle. A large number of women and children were taken prisoners. Elated by success and maddened by an increased thirst for blood, the savages next passed over to Staten Island, the population of which now amounted to ninety souls, by whose industry eleven bouweries had been brought into a high state of cultivation. Of all these sixty-seven escaped.

"During the three days that this storm raged, the Dutch lost one hundred people, one hundred and fifty were taken into captivity, and more than three hundred persons besides were deprived of house, home, clothes, and food. Twenty-eight bouweries and a number of plantations were burned, twelve to fifteen thousand schepels of grain destroyed, and from five to six hundred head of cattle killed or driven off. The damages inflicted on the colonists were estimated at two hundred thousand florins, or eighty thousand dollars.

"A visitation so dreadful, it may easily be conceived, spread the greatest consternation abroad. All the country people except those of Amersfoort, Breukelen, and Midwout, and the negro hamlets, 'took wing' and fled to the Mannhattans. A body-guard of ten Frenchmen was engaged to protect the residence and family of the Director-general, 'as the citizens were reluctant to go to a great distance from the fort.' The settlers at the Esopus abandoned their farms en masse. Gravesend and the English villages partook also of the panic, and dispatched messengers to New Amsterdam with intelligence that the Indians intended to destroy the Dutch in these places, as they had warned them to separate from the Swannekens, 'lest in killing these they may injure the English.' The colonists of Rensselaerswyck likewise felt the alarm, and fearing that the wild contagion might spread among the Mohawks, prudently renewed, by opportune presents, their ancient friendship with this fierce tribe.

"Considering it wiser to secure one's own house than to aim at the possession of one at a distance, especially as the loss of the first might

be caused thereby,' the Council at Fort Amsterdam dispatched an express to the South River recalling the Director-general, for bodies of savages continued prowling over the island, firing and burning whatever came in their way. Whilst this terror still prevailed, Stuyvesant returned to the Mannhattans, and by his energy and zeal aided much in re-assuring the colonists. He sent soldiers to the out-settlements, laid an embargo on the vessels then about to sail, and ordered such of the passengers as were able to bear arms not to depart 'until it should please God to change the aspect of affairs.' A plank curtain was thrown up, to prevent the Indians scaling the city walls, to meet the expense of which six thousand three hundred guilders were raised 'from the merchants, traders, skippers, factors, passengers, and citizens generally.' No persons, on any account, were to go into the country without permission, nor unless in a number sufficient to ensure their safety.

"The savages having now spent their fury, found that the number of their prisoners was rather an incumbrance than a gain. They were desirous of being disembarrassed of them, for their stock of provision was limited and the winter was approaching. Captain Pos, the superintendent of the colony on Staten Island, being among the captured and considered a man of influence, was sent in with a proposal for a ransom. He did not return as soon as was expected, and another messenger followed, with word that all the prisoners should be brought to Paulus Hook in two days. 'Come and see!' was the invitation to treat for their release. In a few days Pos brought from the chief of the Hackingsacks fourteen of the Dutch prisoners, 'men, women, and children, as a token of his good will,' in return for which he requested some powder and ball. The Director-general sent him a Wappinger and an Esopus Indian in exchange with some ammunition, and promised a fresh supply when other Christians should be brought in. He at the same time warned him and the other chiefs against receiving any message from the fort, unless the bearer exhibited a signet with which he was furnished. No ambassador, unless a sachem or chief in whom the Director could place confidence—'none of the rabble nor any insignificant fellow'—was to be sent.

"Claes Jansen de Ruyter and Peter Wolfersten van Couwenhoven accompanied Adriaen Pos to the Indians with the above presents, and returned with twenty-eight Christians, and another message that from twenty to twenty-four others would be restored on receipt of a proper quantity of furies, guns, wampum, and ammunition. It was vain to expect that any Dutch prisoners would be exchanged for Indians. Such a rule was foreign to the practice of the red man. The Director-General wished now to know how much they would be willing to take 'for all the prisoners en masse, or for each individually.' They answered seventy-eight pounds of powder and forty staves of lead, for twenty-eight persons. This offer was accepted, and as a further mark of his good will, thirty-five pounds of powder and ten staves of lead additional were sent, but no more prisoners were returned."

#### THE MASSACRE AT ESOPUS, 1663.

"The male portion of the population mostly left the village to pursue their field labors, when between eleven and twelve o'clock, large bodies of savages sauntered carelessly into the place, and spread themselves among the different families, some offering for sale a little maize, others a few beans. A quarter of an hour afterwards, several horsemen rushed 'through the millgate,' and with loud cries announced that the Indians had burnt the new village. This was the signal for a general assault. The fearful warwhoop was at once raised. Shots were heard in every direction; tomahawks and battle axes flashed through the air, and havoc and carnage stalked through the street, sparing neither age nor sex. Every corner and every window served as an

ambush for a foe, who brought down, with unerring aim, the husbandmen, as one after the other they hastened from their field labors to their homes on hearing the alarm. Having plundered the dwellings, the savages set these on fire, but the wind fortunately veering to the west, a portion of the village escaped destruction. The work of murder and devastation was not, however, permitted to proceed without resistance. The villagers who remained at home rallied with desperate energy at the sound of the alarm bell; some at the millgate, some at the gate towards the strand, others at the sheriff's, more at the minister's house, whilst others collected at the corps de garde; and though armed only with cutlasses and a few guns, encouraged by the sheriff and their Dominie, they attacked the savage horde, whom they succeeded eventually in routing.

"When evening came, sad was the sight at Esopus. Here lay women in all the loveliness of motherhood roasted alive; there children in the bloom of innocence butchered and burnt. Parents wandered without offspring; husbands without wives; numbers without roof or shelter. 'The corpses were lying in the fields far and wide as manure, and the burnt and roasted bodies, like burning sheaves behind the mower.' The total missing were seventy, forty-five of whom, principally women and children, were taken into captivity. Nine were severely wounded. Twelve dwellings in Wiltwyck were destroyed, and, except the mill, not a house was left standing in the new village."

#### Works in Press.

[From Final Memorials of Charles Lamb; consisting chiefly of his letters not before published, with sketches of some of his Companions. By Thomas Noon Talfourd, one of his executors. Two volumes in one. Now in Press, by D. Appleton & Company.]

[By the kindness of Messrs. Appleton, who have accommodated us with sheets in advance of publication, we are enabled to lay before our readers an extract from the work whose title is given above. The lamentable event herein detailed will be new to most persons here, and it will be read with painful interest and surprise. As the most fitting introduction, we quote the first paragraph of the editor's preface:

"Nearly twelve years have elapsed since the Letters of Charles Lamb, accompanied by such slight sketches of his Life as might link them together, and explain the circumstances to which they refer, were given to the world. In the Preface to that work, reference was made to letters yet remaining unpublished, and to a period when a more complete estimate might be formed of the singular and delightful character of the writer than was there presented. That period has arrived. Several of his friends, who might possibly have felt a moment's pain at the publication of some of those effusions of kindness, in which they are sportively mentioned, have been removed by death; and the dismissal of the last, and to him the dearest of all, his sister, while it has brought to her the repose she sighed for ever since she lost him, has released his biographer from a difficulty which has hitherto prevented a due appreciation of some of his noblest qualities. Her most lamentable, but most innocent agency in the event which consigned her for life to his protection, forbade the introduction of any letter, or allusion to any incident, which might ever, in the long and dismal twilight of consciousness which she endured, shock her by the recurrence of long past and terrible sorrows; and the same consideration for her induced the suppression of every passage which referred to the malady with which she was through life at intervals afflicted. Although her death had removed the objection to a reference to her intermittent suffering, it still left a momentous question, whether even then, when no relative remained to be affected by the disclosure, it would be right to unveil the dreadful calamity which marked one of its earliest visitations, and which,

though known to most of those who were intimate with the surviving sufferers, had never been publicly associated with their history. When, however, I reflected that the truth, while in no wise affecting the gentle excellence of one of them, casts new and solemn lights on the character of the other; that while his frailties have received an ample share of that indulgence which he extended to all human weaknesses, their chief exciting cause has been hidden; that his moral strength and the extent of his self-sacrifice have been hitherto unknown to the world: I felt that to develop all which is essential to the just appreciation of his rare excellence, was due both to him and to the public. While I still hesitated as to the extent of disclosure needful for this purpose, my lingering doubts were removed by the appearance of a full statement of the melancholy event, with all the details capable of being collected from the newspapers of the time, in the 'British Quarterly Review,' and the diffusion of the passage, extracted thence, through several other journals. After this publication, no doubt could remain as to the propriety of publishing the letters of Lamb on this event, eminently exalting the character of himself and his sister, and enabling the reader to judge of the sacrifice which followed it."]

THE autumn of 1796 found Lamb engaged all the morning in task-work at the India House, and all the evening in attempting to amuse his father by playing cribbage; sometimes snatching a few minutes for his only pleasure, writing to Coleridge; while Miss Lamb was worn down to a state of extreme nervous misery, by attention to needlework by day, and to her mother by night, until the insanity, which had been manifested more than once, broke out into frenzy, which, on Thursday, 22d of September, proved fatal to her mother. The following account of the proceedings on the inquest, copied from the Times of Monday, 26th September, 1796, supplies the details of this terrible calamity, doubtless with accuracy, except that it would seem, from Lamb's ensuing letter to Coleridge, that *he*, and not the landlord, took the knife from the unconscious hand.

"On Friday afternoon, the coroner and a jury sat on the body of a lady in the neighborhood of Holborn, who died in consequence of a wound from her daughter the preceding day. It appeared, by the evidence adduced, that, while the family were preparing for dinner, the young lady seized a case-knife lying on the table, and in a menacing manner pursued a little girl, her apprentice, round the room. On the calls of her infirm mother to forbear, she renounced her first object, and, with loud shrieks, approached her parent. The child, by her cries, quickly brought up the landlord of the house, but too late. The dreadful scene presented to him the mother lifeless, pierced to the heart, on a chair, her daughter yet wildly standing over her with the fatal knife, and the old man, her father, weeping by her side, himself bleeding at the forehead from the effects of a severe blow he received from one of the forks she had been madly hurling about the room.

"For a few days prior to this, the family had observed some symptoms of insanity in her, which had so much increased on Wednesday evening, that her brother, early the next morning, went to Dr. Pitcairn, but that gentleman was not at home.

"It seems the young lady had been once before deranged.

"The jury, of course, brought in their verdict—*Lunacy*."

The following is Lamb's account of the event to Coleridge;—

#### MY DEAREST FRIEND,

White, or some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines:—My poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I fear she must be removed to an hospital. God has preserved me my senses,—I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Morris, of Blue-coat School, has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me "the former things are passed away," and I have something more to do than to feel.

God Almighty have us well in His keeping.

C. LAMB.

Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish, publish mine (I give free leave) without name or initial, and never send me a book, I charge you.

Your own judgment will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. You look after your family,—I have my reason and strength left to take care of mine. I charge you, don't think of coming to see me—write. I will not see you if you come. God Almighty love you and all of us.

C. LAMB.

After the inquest, Miss Lamb was placed in an Asylum, where she was, in a short time, restored to reason. The following is Lamb's next letter.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

#### MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Your letter was an inestimable treasure to me. It will be a comfort to you, I know, to know that our prospects are somewhat brighter. My poor dear, dearest sister, the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgments on our house, is restored to her senses; to a dreadful sense and recollection of what has passed, awful to her mind and impressive (as it must be to the end of life), but tempered with religious resignation and the reasonings of a sound judgment, which, in this early stage, knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy, and the terrible guilt of a mother's murderer. I have seen her. I found her, this morning, calm and serene; far, very far from an indecent forgetful serenity; she has a most affectionate and tender concern for what has happened. Indeed, from the beginning, frightful and hopeless as her disorder seemed, I had confidence enough in her strength of mind and religious principle, to look forward to a time when even *she* might recover tranquillity. God be praised, Coleridge, wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm; even on the dreadful day, and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference—a tranquillity not of despair. Is it folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that *most* supported me? I allow much to other favorable circumstances.

I felt that I had something else to do than to regret. On that first evening, my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearance like one dying,—my father, with his poor forehead plastered over, from a wound he had received from a daughter dearly loved by him, and who loved him no less dearly,—my mother a dead and murdered corpse in the next room—yet was I wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without terrors and without despair. I have lost no sleep since. I had been long used not to rest in things of sense,—had endeavored after a comprehension of mind, unsatisfied with the "ignorant present time," and *this* kept me up. I had the whole weight of the family thrown on me; for my brother, little disposed (I speak not without tenderness for him) at any time to take care of old age and infirmities, had now, with his bad leg, an exemption from such duties, and I was now left alone. One little incident may serve to make you understand my way of managing my mind. Within a day or two after the fatal one, we dressed for dinner a tongue which we had had salted for some weeks in the house. As I sat down, a feeling like remorse struck me;—this tongue poor Mary got for me, and I can partake of it now, when she is far away! A thought occurred and relieved me,—if I give into this way of feeling, there is not a chair, a room, an object in our rooms, that will not awaken the keenest griefs; I must rise above such weaknesses. I hope this was not a want of true feeling. I did not let this carry me, though, too far. On the very second day (I date from the day of horrors), as is usual in such cases, there were a matter of twenty people, I do think, supping in our room; they prevailed with me to eat *with them* (for to eat I never refused). They were all making merry in the room! Some had come from friendship, some from busy curiosity, and some from interest; I was going to partake with them; when my recollection came that my poor dead mother was lying in the next room—the very next room;—a mother who, through life, wished nothing but her children's welfare. Indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asking forgiveness of heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon. Tranquillity returned, and it was the only violent emotion that mastered me, and I think it did me good.

I mention these things because I hate concealment, and love to give a faithful journal of what passes within me. Our friends have been very good. Sam Le Grice, who was then in town, was with me the three or four first days, and was a brother to me, gave up every hour of his time, to the very hurting of his health and spirits, in constant attendance and humoring my poor father; talked with him, read to him, played at cribbage with him (for so short is the old man's recollection, that he was playing at cards, as though nothing had happened, while the coroner's inquest was sitting over the way!). Samuel wept tenderly when he went away, for his mother wrote him a very severe letter on his loitering so long in town, and he was forced to go. Mr. Norris, of Christ's Hospital, has been as a father to me—Mrs. Norris as a mother; though we had few claims on them. A gentleman, brother to my godmother, from whom we never had right or reason to expect any such assistance, sent my father twenty pounds; and to crown all these God's blessings to our family at such a time,



an old lady, a cousin of my father and aunt's, a gentlewoman of fortune, is to take my aunt and make her comfortable for the short remainder of her days. My aunt is recovered, and as well as ever, and highly pleased at thoughts of going—and has generously given up the interest of her little money (which was formerly paid my father for her board) wholly and solely to my sister's use. Reckoning this, we have, Daddy and I, for our two selves and an old maid-servant to look after him, when I am out, which will be necessary, £170, or rather £180 a year, out of which we can spare £50 or £60 at least for Mary while she stays at Islington, where she must and shall stay during her father's life, for his and her comfort. I know John will make speeches about it, but she shall not go into an hospital. The good lady of the madhouse, and her daughter, an elegant, sweet-behaved young lady, love her, and are taken with her amazingly; and I know from her own mouth she loves them, and longs to be with them as much. Poor thing, they say she was but the other morning saying, she knew she must go to Bethlem for life; that one of her brothers would have it so, but the other would wish it not, but be obliged to go with the stream; that she had often as she passed Bethlem thought it likely, "here it may be my fate to end my days," conscious of a certain flightiness in her poor head oftentimes, and mindful of more than one severe illness of that nature before. A legacy of £100, which my father will have at Christmas, and this £20 I mentioned before, with what is in the house, will much more than set us clear. If my father, an old servant-maid, and I, can't live, and live comfortably, on £130 or £120 a year, we ought to burn by slow fires; and I almost would, that Mary might not go into an hospital. Let me not leave an unfavorable impression on your mind respecting my brother. Since this has happened, he has been very kind and brotherly; but I fear for his mind,—he has taken his ease in the world, and is not fit himself to struggle with difficulties, nor has much accustomed himself to throw himself into their way; and I know his language is already, "Charles, you must take care of yourself, you must not abridge yourself of a single pleasure you have been used to," &c., &c., in that style of talking. But you, a necessarian, can respect a difference of mind, and love what is *amiable* in a character not perfect. He has been very good,—but I fear for his mind. Thank God, I can unconnect myself with him, and shall manage all my father's moneys in future myself, if I take charge of Daddy, which poor John has not even hinted a wish, at any future time, even, to share with me. The lady at this madhouse assures me that I may dismiss immediately both doctor and apothecary, retaining occasionally a composing draught or so for a while; and there is a less expensive establishment in her house, where she will only not have a room and nurse to herself, for 50*l.* or guineas a year—the outside would be 60*l.*—you know, by economy, how much more even I shall be able to spare for her comforts. She will, I fancy, if she stays, make one of the family, rather than of the patients; and the old and young ladies I like exceedingly, and she loves dearly; and they, as the saying is, take to her very extraordinarily, if it is extraordinary that people who see my sister should love her. Of all the people I ever saw in the world, my poor sister was most and thoroughly devoid of the least tincture of selfishness. I will enlarge upon her qualities, poor dear, dearest soul, in a future letter, for my own

comfort, for I understand her thoroughly; and, if I mistake not, in the most trying situation that a human being can be found in, she will be found (I speak not with sufficient humility, I fear, but humanly and foolishly speaking), she will be found, I trust, uniformly great and amiable. God keep her in her present mind, to whom be thanks and praise for all His dispensations to mankind! C. LAMB.

These mentioned good fortunes and change of prospects had almost brought my mind over to the extreme, the very opposite to despair. I was in danger of making myself too happy. Your letter brought me back to a view of things which I had entertained from the beginning. I hope (for Mary I can answer)—but I hope that I shall through life never have less recollection, nor a fainter impression, of what has happened than I have now. It is not a light thing, nor meant by the Almighty to be received lightly. I must be serious, circumspect, and deeply religious through life; and by such means may both of us escape madness in future, if it so please the Almighty!

Send me word how it fares with Sam. I repeat it, your letter was, and will be, an inestimable treasure to me. You have a view of what my situation demands of me, like my own view, and I trust, a just one.

Coleridge, continue to write; but do not for ever offend me by talking of sending me cash. Sincerely, and on my soul, we do not want it. God love you both.

I will write again very soon. Do you write directly.

As Lamb recovered from the shock of his own calamity, he found comfort in gently admonishing his friend on that imbecility of purpose which attended the development of his mighty genius. His next letter, commencing with this office of friendship, soon reverts to the condition of that sufferer, who was endeared to him the more because others shrank from and forsook her.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I grieve from my very soul to observe you in your plans of life, veering about from this hope to the other, and settling nowhere. It is an untoward fatality (speaking humanly) that does this for you—a stubborn, irresistible concurrence of events—or lies the fault, as I fear it does, in your own mind? You seem to be taking up splendid schemes of fortune only to lay them down again; and your fortunes are an *ignis fatuus* that has been conducting you, in thought, from Lancaster-court, Strand, to somewhere near Mallock; then jumping across to Dr. Somebody's, whose son's tutor you were likely to be; and, would to God, the dancing demon *may* conduct you at last, in peace and comfort, to the "life and labors of a cottager." You see, from the above awkward playfulness of fancy, that my spirits are not quite depressed. I should ill deserve God's blessings, which, since the late terrible event, have come down in mercy upon us, if I indulged regret or querulousness. Mary continues serene and cheerful. I have not by me a little letter she wrote to me; for, though I see her almost every day, yet we delight to write to one another, for we can scarce see each other but in company with some of the people of the house. I have not the letter by me, but will quote from memory what she wrote in it: "I have no bad terrifying dreams. At midnight, when I happen to awake, the nurse sleeping by the side of me, with the

noise of the poor mad people around me, I have no fear. The spirit of my mother seems to descend and smile upon me, and bid me live to enjoy the life and reason which the Almighty has given me. I shall see her again in heaven; she will then understand me better. My grandmother, too, will understand me better, and will then say no more, as she used to do, 'Polly, what are those poor crazy moithered brains of yours thinking of always?' Poor Mary! my mother indeed *never understood her* right. She loved her, as she loved us all, with a mother's love; but in opinion, in feeling, and sentiment, and disposition, bore so distant a resemblance to her daughter, that she never understood her right; never could believe how much she loved her; but met her caresses, her protestations of filial affection, too frequently with coldness and repulse. Still she was a good mother. God forbid I should think of her but *most respectfully, most affectionately*. Yet she would always love my brother above Mary, who was not worthy of one-tenth of that affection which Mary had a right to claim. But it is my sister's gratifying recollection, that every act of duty and of love she could pay, every kindness (and I speak true, when I say to the hurting of her health, and most probably in great part to the derangement of her senses), through a long course of infirmities and sickness, she could show her, she ever did. I will, some day, as I promised, enlarge to you upon my sister's excellences; it will seem like exaggeration, but I will do it. At present, short letters suit my state of mind best. So take my kindest wishes for your comfort and establishment in life, and for Sara's welfare and comfort with you. God love you. God love us all.

C. LAMB.

Two months, though passed by Lamb in anxiety and labor, but cheered by Miss Lamb's continued possession of reason, so far restored the tone of his mind, that his interest in the volume which had been contemplated to introduce his first verses to the world, in association with those of his friend, was enkindled anew. While cherishing the hope of reunion with his sister, and painfully wresting his leisure hours from poetry and Coleridge to amuse the dotage of his father, he watched over his own returning sense of enjoyment with a sort of holy jealousy, apprehensive lest he should forget too soon the terrible visitation of Heaven.

Early in 1797, death released the father from his state of imbecility, and the son from his wearisome duties. With his life, the annuity he had derived from the old bench he had served so faithfully, ceased; while the aunt continued to linger still with Lamb in his cheerless lodging. His sister still remained in confinement in the asylum to which she had been consigned on her mother's death—perfectly sensible and calm—and he was passionately desirous of obtaining her liberty. The surviving members of the family, especially his brother John, who enjoyed a fair income in the South Sea House, opposed her discharge; and painful doubts were suggested by the authorities of the parish where the terrible occurrence happened, whether they were not bound to institute proceedings, which must have placed her for life at the disposition of the Crown, especially as no medical assurance could be given against the probable recurrence of dangerous frenzy. But Charles came to her deliverance; he satisfied all the parties who had power to oppose her release, by his solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life; and he kept his word.

Whether any communication with the Home Secretary occurred before her release, I have been unable to ascertain; it was the impression of Mr. Lloyd, from whom my own knowledge of the circumstances, which the letters do not ascertain, was derived, that a communication took place, on which a similar pledge was given; at all events, the result was, that she left the asylum and took up her abode for life with her brother Charles. For her sake, at the same time, he abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage; and with an income of scarcely more than 100*l.* a year, derived from his clerkship, aided for a little while by the old aunt's small annuity, set out on the journey of life at twenty-two years of age, cheerfully, with his beloved companion, endeared to him the more by her strange calamity, and the constant apprehension of a recurrence of the malady which had caused it!

The illness of the poor old aunt brought on the confirmation of Lamb's fears respecting his sister's malady. After lingering a short time she died; but before this, Miss Lamb's incessant attendance upon her produced a recurrence of insanity; Lamb was obliged to place her under medical care; and, left alone, wrote the following short and miserable letter:—

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

I don't know why I write, except from the propensity misery has to tell her griefs. Hetty died on Friday night, about eleven o'clock, after her long illness; Mary, in consequence of fatigue and anxiety, is fallen ill again, and I was obliged to remove her yesterday. I am left alone in a house with nothing but Hetty's dead body to keep me company. To-morrow I bury her, and then I shall be quite alone, with nothing but a cat, to remind me that the house has been full of living beings like myself. My heart is quite sunk, and I don't know where to look for relief. Mary will get better again, but her constantly being liable to such relapses is dreadful; nor is it the least of our evils that her case and all our story is so well known around us. We are in a manner marked. Excuse my troubling you, but I have nobody by me to speak to me. I slept out last night, not being able to endure the change and the stillness. But I did not sleep well, and I must come back to my own bed. I am going to try and get a friend to come and be with me to-morrow. I am completely shipwrecked. My head is quite bad. I almost wish that Mary were dead.—God bless you. Love to Sara and Hartley.

C. LAMB.

### Extracts from New Books.

[From the "Lost Trappers," an interesting collection of Scenes and Events in the Rocky Mountains, just published by J. A. & U. P. James, of Cincinnati.]

WHILST among the Kansas, Captain Williams' men were informed that a large black bear had been frequently seen on an island in the river, about a mile from the village, and that several efforts made by the Indians to take him had been unsuccessful. There was a dense thicket of plum bushes and hazel, to which he always betook himself when assailed, and into which his pursuers thought it unsafe to follow him. As the dogs belonging to the expedition were trained to hunt such game, they were taken across the river to the island by some of the men. A number of the Kansas went with them to witness the performance of the dogs, which they were disposed very much

to admire for their superior size. Within a very short time, the bear was started from his hitherto safe retreat, and being pursued closely, and now and then nipped by the dogs, took a tree. One of the men shot him. He was uncommonly large and very fat, and furnished a fine repast for the company that night. The Kansas were delighted with the courage of the dogs, and the principal chief of the village expressed a desire to purchase one of them. He gave Captain Williams to understand that he would give him a fine young horse in exchange for a large mastiff, for which he took a particular fancy. As the party had begun to consider the canine part of the expedition as not only useless, but calculated by their barking to betray them into the hands of lurking parties of Indians, a bargain was soon struck. The chief took his dog, and Captain Williams his horse, both alike well pleased with their trade. The village generally seemed delighted with the new acquisition of an animal so much superior, in every way, to the small, half-starved, half-wolf, half-roguish looking breed, which they had in their village. Indian dogs seem to be wolves of the smaller kind domesticated, and are of no value, except to those tribes who have no horses. By such poor wretches they are frequently used to convey baggage.

Having passed three days with this tribe, Captain Williams resumed his journey with his men, greeted with the best wishes of these unsophisticated children of nature, for their future good luck. He was advised by Big White to bear more to the west, to avoid the broken, hilly country near the Missouri, and to avoid the difficulty sometimes experienced in crossing its tributaries near their mouths. The hostile parties of Indians, too, with whom they might fall in, would not be very large, and of course less formidable, as their villages generally were near the Missouri. Captain Williams, therefore, determined to cross the Platte a short distance below the junction of the north and south forks, and pursued his course accordingly. The company travelled over a dry, elevated, rich prairie country. Buffalo were seen in great numbers. Elk, deer, and the antelope were frequently to be seen, scampering and curvetting, and sometimes gazing with wild curiosity upon the company as they passed along. Frequent signs of Indians were seen through the day, but the fears of the party were not excited, as they were made, in all probability, by the hunting parties of the Kansas.

An hour before sunset the company came to a halt to refresh themselves and horses. This evening the dog that had been exchanged for a horse overtook them, and seemed much pleased with rejoining his old acquaintances. There was a piece of raw hide attached to his neck, by which he had been tied, and which he had cut, and in this way made his escape. How he passed, without being attacked by wolves and torn to pieces, was a matter of surprise to the party, who had observed that wolves were very numerous. At dark a light was observed across the prairie, which was most likely that of an Indian camp. The company put out their fires, mounted their horses, and travelled eight or ten miles further, and then unpacked and fettered their horses, and turned them out to graze, whilst they wrapped themselves up in their blankets and laid themselves down to sleep. The light of the ensuing morning revealed to the men the most extensive and beautiful prospect they had ever seen. They found themselves on the most elevated point in a grand prairie, that

spread almost immeasurably in every direction. In every way they looked, a beautiful sea green surface spread onward and onward, until it united with the utmost verge of the sky, bearing a striking resemblance to the undulating surface of the ocean. The prairie was dotted, here and there, with bands of the different kinds of animals, which at that early day were very numerous in the far west. Far away, in the distance, was to be seen a herd of buffalo, some quietly grazing, and others reposing upon the grass. Near at hand was a band of hungry and roughish-looking wolves, curiously eyeing the company, and patiently licking their lips in anticipation of the sweet morsels and bones they expected to pick up about the camp when the party were gone. In this beautiful exciting panorama of nature were the elk and the antelope, the one crowned with his stately, wide-spreading antlers; the other sweeping and curvetting around with so much grace and ease, as scarcely to appear to make a single muscular effort. And then, hard-by, was a little village of prairie dogs, the industrious inhabitants of which were up at the first break of day, yelping, and skipping about, darting into their holes, and as quickly coming out again, and in this way expressing the surprise and curiosity created by the presence of these intruders upon their territory. We promise the reader, in another part of this volume, a fuller account of this curious, antic little inhabitant of the prairie. Although the company was delighted with the scene, they did not think it safe policy to occupy so conspicuous a place very long, as they might be espied many miles in every direction, by any roving bands of Indians that might be in that region. Without, therefore, enjoying their usual morning repast, they hurried off, and travelled until noon, when they came to timber, in which they passed several hours of repose both to themselves and their horses. In the afternoon of this day they met a small hunting party of Kansas, belonging to the village the party had visited, and held a short parley with them, in which they were informed of the trade made by Captain Williams and the chief of the Kansas village. They seemed to place confidence in the statements of Captain Williams, confirmed as they were by the testimony of the Mandans, and took possession of the renegade dog for the purpose of conveying him back to his legitimate owner.

In the latter part of this day, a rumbling, rolling noise was heard by the company, in the south, resembling distant thunder. Big White, who was an experienced buffalo hunter, said that it was made by the running of a very large herd of frightened buffalo, and, as the sound became more and more distinct, he stated that they, in all probability, were coming towards the company, a circumstance that would be attended with danger, if they were as numerous as the noise indicated.

For one hour the thundering continued, becoming more and more audible, until the dark rolling mass of living, moving animals was seen on the verge of the horizon, coming directly towards the company, and apparently covering the whole earth. Under such circumstances there is no retreating, and a party of men in such a situation, are reduced to the desperate expedient of standing their ground and facing the danger. A part of the men secured the horses by tethering them, and at the same time rid them of their burdens; whilst the others rushed forward with their arms to meet the herd two or three hundred yards in advance of the horses. The thing to be effected, and the only thing that can be effected,



to prevent being overrun and trampled to death, is to divide the crowd. This the company was able to accomplish by firing their guns as fast as they could load, and shouting and waving their hats. As the vast throng came up, they divided to the right and the left, leaving a passage about forty or fifty yards wide, which was occupied by the men and horses. But the shouting, and shooting, and waving of hats had to be kept up whilst the denser part of the throng was passing by, which consumed at least one entire hour. Big White and his son, who understood the disposition of the buffalo better than any present, aided in the matter, and rendered most efficient help by their tremendous yells, which seemed to frighten the buffalo more than anything else. The grey-hound dog belonging to the company became frightened and confused, and darted into the crowd, and was trampled to death.

To some, these statements about the vast number of buffalo may seem to invite incredulity, and may be classed among those extravagant stories that are frequently associated with the excitement belonging to frontier adventure. They may be thought to be true, only, in part; but it should be remembered that they are confirmed by the observation of all men who have travelled through a buffalo country, some of whom are certainly entitled to credit for what they say. The same statements are made about their vast number even at the present day; and if they be correct *now*, how much more true were they forty years ago. That the number of buffalo has been diminished very fast is certainly true, and in another part of this book there will be found some interesting data to this effect, which we gathered from the expeditions of Captain Fremont.

When buffalo are seen frightened and running, it is regarded as evident that they are pursued by Indians. It was not the case, however, in the present instance. As the company expected the buffalo would be followed by Indians, they did not once think of securing a supply of meat, but suffered the opportunity to pass unimproved. Captain Williams thought it wisdom to be on the alert, as this was a season for hunting, and the prairies were doubtless infested by hunting parties, by whom he was liable to be surprised. They therefore travelled hard and late before they came to a halt. Three men left the main body of the company to kill some game, as provisions were somewhat scarce. They were to join the company at a point of timber, that was visible at that time, and seemed to be about six miles off; but the distance proved much greater. The men were strictly ordered by Captain Williams not to separate from each other, as they were now on very dangerous ground, and their safety required the strictest vigilance. The party reached the point of timber about sunset, and supped upon a very scanty supply of meat. About dark two of the hunters came in, bringing a fine deer. They reported that the other hunter had left them to get a shot at some elk that were about the half of a mile off, whilst they wound round and about to kill their deer. In this way they lost sight of him. They further stated that they had seen three men on horses, going in the direction the absent man had gone. This circumstance awakened the most painful apprehensions in the camp as to his safety. It was now too late to go in search of him, and, if alive, he was doomed to spend the night in the prairie, entirely unprotected. Captain Williams thought, at one time, of kindling up a large fire, hoping that the lost man might see the light and find his way to

the camp; but then this plan might betray the whole company into the hands of hostile Indians, and on that account it was abandoned. The fires were extinguished, and the guard required to be very cautious. If the missing man had fallen into the hands of the Indians, these savages would most likely meditate an attack upon the main body. The night passed without anything to disturb their slumbers, except their concern for the lost hunter, and at the earliest dawn of day, ten men, including the two who had acted as hunters the evening before, set off to look up the one that was absent. They went to the place where Carson (for that was his name) was represented as being last seen; but no signs of his being there could be found. The surface of the ground was such that if he had been there, he would have left some impression that would still be perceptible. No tracks made by his horse could be found. It could not be the place where he had been last seen, for he could not have been there at all. The men frequently fired their guns, and rode about and shouted at the top of their voices, and waved their hats, but no answer was received, and nothing like a man could be seen anywhere on the wide expanse of prairie that spread around. As they swept around, however, they saw a horse standing in a patch of brush. When they approached him, he recognised the company and neighed. This brought the men to a halt, to ascertain what it meant. They called and shouted, but no one answered. This tended to confirm their unfavorable apprehension as to the fate of Carson. He was, in all probability, killed, and his horse and equipage were now in the possession of savages, at that time concealed in the thicket just before them. But they were determined to know for themselves, and approached the horse very cautiously, with their fingers upon the triggers of their guns, ready to fire, and expecting, every moment, to be fired upon. When they were sufficiently near, they saw the horse was carefully tied, and a short distance off lay Carson under a tree, with his head upon a saddle. The men thought he was dead, but they soon found out that he was in a sound sleep, and indeed enjoying a very pleasant dream, at the same time. When they aroused him, he at first seemed bewildered and wild. He gave a doleful account of himself, as he passed the night lost and alone. In his eagerness to shoot an elk, he lost his course, and wandered about long after dark, perhaps till midnight, hoping that he might see the light of the encampment. Failing in this, fatigued and hungry, he laid himself down to sleep if he could, but his mind was so much impressed with the dangers by which he was beset, that he lay wide awake until about the break of day, which was the cause of his being asleep when they found him. He saw the Indians seen by the other men. They passed within a hundred yards from him, but did not see him, as he was hid, as he thought, in the same thicket in which he spent the night. As his horse was very impatient to join the company again, and frequently neighed, Carson was very much afraid that he would betray him into the hands of those three Indians that passed so near. To prevent this he blindfolded him by binding his handkerchief over his eyes, an expedient that had the effect of entirely subduing his restiveness and ill-timed impatience. He thought the Indians were travelling in a southern direction, and their horses seemed very much fatigued. They were well armed with bows and arrows, and long spears, and Carson thought each one

had several scalps dangling to his bridle bit. They were evidently returning home, perhaps from some adventurous tramp, in which they may have sought revenge on some rival party.

From the description of the Indians, Big White thought they were of the Kite Indians, who were savage in the extreme, and would have shown no mercy whatever to Carson, if they had seen him. He spoke of them as being very much reduced in number, by their constant wars with other tribes, and yet perfectly indomitable. They were great horsemen, and very swift. Captain Williams embraced the opportunity, which this occurrence furnished, to urge upon his men the most scrupulous observance of the regulations belonging to the company, as very necessary for their safety.

### Poetry.

#### THE POWER OF MUSIC.

*Adapted from the Spanish. From an English Miscellany.*

WHEN Orpheus descended to the regions below,  
Which men are forbidden to see;  
He tuned up his lyre,—as old histories show,  
To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonished a person so wise  
Should rashly endanger his life,  
And venture so far,—but how great their  
surprise  
To learn that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due to his fault,  
Old Pluto had puzzled his brain;  
But hell had not torments sufficient, he  
thought;  
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding took place in his heart;  
And pleased with his playing so well,  
He took her again, in reward of his art,—  
Such merit had music in hell.

### Miscellany.

#### WELL, THOU ART IN THY GRAVE AT REST.

*(From Poems by a South Carolinian just published.)*

I.  
WELL, thou art in thy grave, at rest,  
And I am in the world alone;  
The flowery turf is on thy breast,  
A colder weight upon my own:

II.  
A weight of lone and loveless years,  
Without a hope to break the gloom—  
Without a heart whose friendship cheers  
And lights the pathway to the tomb.

III.  
Thine is the dark, undreaming sleep—  
Without a throb—without a start;  
And mine the woe that cannot weep,  
But silently consumes the heart.

The book trade begins to show symptoms of revival from the lethargy in which it has been plunged for the last few weeks; the publishers are seriously considering their plans for the fall and winter campaign; the time for the regular fall trade sales is rapidly approaching, and Messrs. Cooley, Keese and Hill, and Bangs, Richards and Pratt, are loudly sounding the notes of preparation (see their respective advertisements). The large and valuable invoices exhibited in their catalogues, will no doubt attract a large gathering of the trade from all parts of the country; and the wheels of the car of literature having received their periodical oiling, will in all probability run smoothly the winter.

[The following anecdotes are taken from a work just published by D. Appleton & Co.]

#### THE ANGLO-SAXON.

The above was the name of a little sheet published at Chihuahua while in the possession of Colonel Doniphan. The printing materials were found in the city. The fonts of type had no *w*'s, and the publisher was forced to adopt the cockneyism of two *v*'s whenever he wished to print a word in which the *w* was used; as, *vwill VVool's vway be vvvisely chosen?*

#### BATTLE OF TAOS, NEW MEXICO.

The greatest execution on the side of the enemy, at the battle of Taos, was done by the rifle of a white man, who was subsequently shot. He killed five of our men and wounded ten others.

#### BRAVE MEXICANS.

After the capitulation of Vera Cruz, General Scott intimated to General Landero a wish to be introduced to those of his officers who had distinguished themselves in the defence of the town. Some six or eight officers were accordingly presented to General Scott, who complimented them highly on their valor and good conduct, and refused to take their parole.

#### A MOTHER'S LETTER.

The following is an extract from a letter from a mother to her son, a volunteer in the army, who had left without informing her of his departure, because he feared she might oppose his leaving; or, more likely, perhaps the fear of a formal leave-taking from a fond mother was too much for his filial feelings to go through.

"What shall I say, my dear son? You write to me that you have left for Mexico. Had you written to me, 'Mother, shall I volunteer?' I should have said, no, Texas has cost me too much already. The bones of my first-born, for aught I know, are yet unburied on the plains of Goliad, and grief for his loss broke his father's heart. I have had enough of Texas. But you are fighting for your own country, have chosen your own path, and God prosper you in it; and if a mother's prayers are of any avail, you will pass unharmed in the thickest of the fight, where I have no doubt you will be; nor do I wish it otherwise; for I would blush to own a coward son. But, remember, H——, rashness is not bravery, therefore be brave but prudent. It is your country, and you have a right—yea, are in duty bound—to fight her battles, and I say to you, fight for your country, right or wrong. That America will ultimately be victorious I have no doubt; yet I have not so contemptible an opinion of Mexican valor as our newspaper editors have. There is good Spanish blood in parts of Mexico, and Spaniards are not cowards, as the Peninsular war will testify. \* \* \* My earnest prayers are for your welfare, whatever your lot may be; and that you may return unharmed, a credit to yourself and country, is the only hope of your devoted mother."

#### THE BLACK WOLF.

On the morning of the battle of Sacramento, Colonel Mitchell and half a dozen officers were riding some distance in advance of the army, when a large black wolf was seen galloping across towards the mountains on our left. Colonel M. exclaimed, in a half laughing, half serious manner, "Gentlemen, we are certain to meet the enemy this evening.

If the wolf crosses our path, it is ominous of bad luck, and he will feast on our dead bodies before morning." The men immediately reined up, and every one watched the movements of the animal with breathless anxiety. He was on the point of crossing in front of us, when Colonel Mitchell dashed to the left, exclaiming, "By —, I'll turn the tide of fortune!" The wolf was headed and driven off before us, which caused a hearty shout of triumph.

During the battle, when a portion of our troops were falling back (from some mistaken order), the enemy raised a shout, and poured in a general discharge of artillery. At the same moment the Mexican cavalry began to advance, and confusion was beginning to show itself in our ranks. At this critical moment Colonel M. dashed up at full speed in front of the right wing (which he commanded), and cried out to one of his friends, "There's the black wolf about to cross our path, but by —, I'll stop him! *Column! forward, gallop!*"

**TRANSPLANTING ENGLISH SOCIETY.**—A new experiment in colonization is announced, and on a new principle, the soundness of which, says the London Athenæum, may be doubted, though it is supported by a long array of noble and clerical personages.

It has long been a matter of regret to the upholders of our "glorious constitution" and our peculiar social institutions as the most perfect in the world, that they should fail so singularly to develop themselves upon other soils. "Transfer the Anglo-Saxon from the 'sea-girt isle,' and he appears to become a new man. He manifests no desire for the establishment in his new home of those old institutions to which it is said he is here so greatly attached. In fact, it is notorious that in all the colonies of Great Britain, the forms of social life, political ideas, and prevailing tastes are not English but American. The colonies know no aristocracies. They have no castes—no divisions of rank, except what is strictly official, no hereditary privileges—no churches militant and dominant: nothing, in short, that is English—nothing that can prepare them for a special perpetuation of 'our national institutions.' To some, as we have said, this fact is matter of regret—to others it is matter of congratulation. At all events, it is important—as the reader of history will not have failed to perceive. Colonies stamped with the likeness of the parent state have usually lived their span of life out with the fervor, activity, and productiveness of the mother-land. All the settlements of Corinth, Athens, Rome, and Carthage, were but so many diminished versions of the originals; filled with a life almost preternaturally intense, but not with a new life. The Grecian colonies of Sicily, Cyrene, and Asia Minor, produced some of the choicest poets, artists, historians, and philosophers of the Hellenic pantheon—those of Italy, some of her greatest warriors and statesmen: but they exhibited no new developments of mind or character. They were always essentially Greek or Roman. The colonies of England, on the contrary, are not, as we have said, English. Their growth is slow, because the old elements of society are in the way of the fresh infusion of vitality; but when they assume a substantive character, a new nationality appears—the mother-country scarcely recognises her own offspring. Their term of life will probably be long. The reason of this difference betwixt ancient and modern colonies lies principally in the difference of the methods adopted. With the ancients, colonization was

a state duty, and was undertaken systematically. The emigrant body consisted of lords and slaves, citizens and warriors, artists and artisans. As nearly as human ingenuity could make it, it was a counterpart of the state which it left, with all the ranks, orders, social and political institutions of the former. In his new home, the citizen was surrounded by the same kind of world as in his old: to him nothing but the locality was changed. The Saxon, strong in his individuality, rushes alone into the forest, conquers the wilderness for himself, and only very gradually re-unites himself with society. No doubt, this plan, suggested by the genius of the race, needs some improvement,—some co-ordination and method. The proposed plan to which we refer is in close connexion with the Church of England, and is to be organized in strict conformity with its ideas. All purchasers of land in the new colony are to build churches; and all their laborers must subscribe to the thirty-nine articles. Persons of rank are to go out with the settlers to perpetuate the institution of aristocracy among them—and all the inequalities and disadvantages of our social existence which it is the ordinary emigrant's object to escape, will be inextricably woven around him in this new home of his. It would scarcely be rash to prophesy that this scheme—though some of its minor provisions, those providing for education for instance, are excellent—will fail of all the success which its projectors would desire,—even if it have such success as in many respects it deserves.

**THE WORD "SELAH."**—The translators of the Bible have left the Hebrew word *Selah*, which occurs so often in the Psalms, as they found it, and of course the English reader often asks his minister, or some learned friend, what it means. And the minister, or learned friend, has most often been obliged to confess ignorance, because it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have by no means been of one mind. The Targums and most of the Jewish commentators give to the word the meaning *eternally, for ever*. Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word *repeat*. According to Luther and others, it means *silence*! Gesenius explains it to mean, "Let the instruments play and the singers stop." Wocher regards it as equivalent to *sursum corda*—up, my soul! Sommer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognises in every case "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah. They are calls for aid and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or if not in the imperative, 'Hear Jehovah! or awake Jehovah!' and the like, still earnest addresses to God that he would remember and hear," &c. The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. *Selah* itself he thinks an abridged expression used for *Higgaion Selah*: *Higgaion* indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and *Selah* a vigorous blast of trumpets. —*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

The following is from the Boston Daily Advertiser.

**FRENCH OPINIONS OF WASHINGTON.**—Michael Chevalier concludes one of his recent papers on the Constitution of the United States in the *Journal des Debats*, with a very full eulogium on the character of Washington, and then draws the following parallel between



Washington and the leaders of affairs in France at this time:

"The Life of Washington might serve as a political catechism in a Republic. How many notions would be quickly rectified among us at this moment if every one read a few pages of this Life every morning. All ideas are perverted, we are all that it is possible to be, except Republicans of this good school. What a text for bitter regrets would a parallel be between the glorious Washington, under whom the American nation conformed itself to the use of liberty, and the authority under which the France of 1848 entered the second time upon the Republican career. There, a magistrate, who with his eye always fixed on principles, is filled with respect for all legitimate interests, consideration for services rendered to the country, respect for acquired rights whenever they agree with principles, because he worships the law. Here, men who without having the skill to resolve any problem, willing to cut every question, making laws on a future state of things with which they have nothing to do, and from which the space of a year, almost, separates them, as is seen in the decree respecting the tax on salt; who overturn finances, disorganize industry, make bankrupt the creditors of the State; who might more than ever have considered themselves privileged, viz. the Depositors in the Savings' Banks; who, always talking of their admiration and devotion to the people, are digging for that people an abyss of misery. For them, the law is nothing and their fancy everything. This is, however, what has been done to initiate France in Republicanism, in the reign of law, in respect to engagements and rights. With what pity must the great men of North America, and the heroes of that Rome whose festivals we try to copy for want of power to imitate their virtues; with what pity must these true types of Republicanism look down upon us, if they do us the honor to take cognisance of us and our doings, in the sanctuary where God has placed them."

Dr. R. Knox (in the *Medical Times*) gives it as his opinion of the gipsies—that they are of vast antiquity, are dying out, and are a race without one redeeming quality.

A VALUED RELIC.—In his remarks at the dedication of the Dana Hill School House in Cambridge last week, Geo Livermore, Esq., said he had had in his possession, within a week, an old worn school book, bearing the name of the boy who used it more than a century ago. It was not larger than "Colburn's Arithmetic," nor half as good looking a book, yet an offer of \$50 had been refused for it, and \$100 could not buy it. It was George Washington's grammar.

The lovers of Shakspeare will be glad to hear that Mr. Devon has just met with a muster roll for part of Warwickshire, made in the reign of Henry VIII., which contains the names of William and four other Shakspeares, three Hatheways, and other relatives of the great bard.—*Manchester Ex.*

THE OXFORD PROFESSORSHIP OF MODERN LANGUAGES.—M. Guizot has, it is said, declined the offer of the Chair of Modern Languages made to him by the Curators of the Taylor Institution in Oxford.

A young English traveller contracted in Valencia a love affair with a pretty gipsy girl. The mother wished he should marry her at once; but the Englishman declared he was not rich enough to keep a wife. "What!" said the gipsy, laughing, "not rich enough in the land of guineas? With so renowned a thief as my daughter, you will in a year be a millionaire."

A BALANCE.—One article which belonged to Sir Joseph Banks the Royal Society possesses—a delicate balance constructed by Ramsden. Upon the decease of Sir Joseph Banks the secretaries wrote to his widow, apprising her that the balance was lying in the apartments of the society, and requesting to know her wishes respecting it. "Pay it into Coutts," was her ladyship's reply.—*Weld's History of the Royal Society.*

A NEW SPECIES TO POTATOE.—Mr. Edwin Bryant, in his tour to California, says that he was presented by one of the Kansas Indians with a root or tuber of an oval shape, about an inch and a half in length, and an inch in diameter. This root is called the prairie potatoe. Its composition is farinaceous and highly nutritious, and its flavor more agreeable than that of the finest Irish potatoe. "I have but little doubt," adds Mr. Bryant, "if this plant were cultivated in our gardens, it would be an excellent and useful vegetable for ordinary consumption; and, very probably, it would be so improved as to form a substitute for the potatoe."

#### LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY:

##### AND HOW TO GAIN THEM.

###### I.

We want no flag, no flunting rag,  
For LIBERTY to fight;  
We want no blaze of murderous guns  
To struggle for the right.  
Our spears and swords are printed words,  
The mind our battle plan;  
We've won such victories before,  
And so we will again.

###### II.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—  
They stain her brightest cause:  
'Tis not in blood EQUALITY  
Inscribes her civil laws.  
She writes them on the people's heart  
In language clear and plain;  
True though his have moved the world before,  
And so they shall again.

###### III.

We yield to none in earnest love  
Of freedom's cause sublime,  
We join the cry "FRATERNITY,"  
We keep the march of time.  
And yet we grasp our pike nor spear  
Our victories to obtain;  
We've won without their aid before,  
And so we will again.

###### IV.

We want no aid of barricade  
To show a front to wrong;  
We have a citadel in truth,  
More durable and strong.  
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,  
Have never striven in vain;  
They've won our battles many a time,  
And so they shall again.

###### V.

Peace, knowledge, progress, brotherhood—  
The ignorant may sneer,  
The bad deny; but we rely  
To see their triumph near.  
No widows' groans shall load our cause,  
No blood of brethren slain;  
We've won without such aid before,  
And so we will again.

*The London "Puppet Show."*

#### Recent Publications.

*The Battle of Buena Vista, with the Operations of the Army of Occupation for One Month.* By James Henry Carleton, Captain in the First Regiment of Dragoons. New York: Harper & Brothers

THE Battle of Buena Vista, for its immediate and remote consequences, is to be ranked among the great events in American History. It was, therefore, worthy of the elaborate treatment which it has received in the elegant volume before us. Capt. Carleton was for two months before, and for eight months after the battle, stationed at or near the field; and he was honorably active in the fight. Besides all the advantages of careful surveys, observation in action, and official reports, he has enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of many of the characters most conspicuous in the campaign, and he has brought to his task an intelligence, discrimination, and knowledge of military art, which place him far before all the other historians of the war. His style, too, is eminently simple, condensed, and elegant. His work, altogether, must remain the history and the authority so far as the event is concerned to which it is devoted.

We copy the paragraph which relates to the close of the battle:

"Meanwhile, upon the battle-field, the enemy still held the position where he had first established the battery of the Battalion of San Patricio; and, as the sun settled down still lower in the west, he was seen to move up one or two other regiments, the more certainly to maintain it. As this force could not be driven from the point it occupied, except at a sacrifice we were not in an immediate condition to make, Captain Bragg's battery, accompanied by the Mississippians, was withdrawn from its fire to the foot of the plateau. Captain Sherman still remained at the same advanced point, and still continued to fire upon such portions of the enemy as he could now and then reach with effect. As the sun sank lower and lower, the occasional rattle of musketry gave place to dropping shot, which, in turn, became less and less frequent, and at length entirely ceased. The fire of artillery on both sides had gradually subsided; the sun went down; the heavy and reverberated report of the cannon had longer and more uncertain intervals; finally it was hushed; a profound and painful silence succeeded, and again the cold, deepening shadows of evening began silently to steal over the field. The two armies were still there, and were still sternly regarding each other, face to face. They were standing almost upon the same ground where they had respectively stood the night before. But in the Mexican lines we could hear no animated harangue, no responding *vivas*, nor approving cheers; and the night wind brought not to our ears again the witchery of that sweet music. One could hardly realize, as he now looked upon the dark masses of the two armies, that they had been so mingled in bloody strife since last he saw them similarly situated; all was now so calm. Indeed, hardly a sound could be heard, save the occasional dismal flapping of the wings of the fierce zapalotes, now hovering over the Pass, or the distant and almost human yell of the hungry wolves, answered by others away in the gloomy recesses of the surrounding mountains. They were already beginning to gather in to their horrible repast. And now, scarcely an evidence of the conflict could be seen, except when one took a closer survey of the ground about him. Then, scattered on every hand, how many and many were the dark forms which met the eye of what had been stalwart men and powerful steeds! some lying as if asleep, and some in strange, unnatural postures, with the moonlight resting steadily and cold on the bright points of uniforms and trappings, all still and firm as if they were belted to stone,—not tremulous and moving, as when on breathing, animated beings. These were fearful proofs of the desperate struggle which had gone by.

These ghastly figures, with the immovable luminous points resting upon them, were the solemn characters, the terrible hieroglyphics, traced upon the field, which, being deciphered amidst the obscurity of night, told in mute but eloquent language how dreadful a day had passed."

*The Edinburgh Review* for July. L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton Street.

THE contents of this Review, though always of real and sterling merit, are at times peculiarly interesting from their more than ordinarily varied and general character. Those in search of purely scientific and deeply read and learnedly elaborated criticism, have here a journal to which they may always turn without fear of disappointment. We hail with pleasure a number like the present, in which there are articles that from their lighter character afford a relaxation from the mental tension at which we are kept while following with our utmost "grasp of mind" some deeply absorbing subject handled in a style by which the contributions to this journal are always signalized. We have before us a feast of epicurean dainties from which the most fastidious appetites may help themselves to something that they "can fancy." Here we find a history of "Southern and Northern Poetry," and a "Biography of Goldsmith"—on which the Poet may batten to his heart's content; while the mouth of the Antiquarian may water as his eye lights upon "The History of Egypt from the Earliest Times." The man of science will sit down to a dish prepared expressly for him, consisting of "a Survey of the Southern Heavens," which perhaps he may be willing to share with his neighbor—a divine—who in return will help him to a "leaf" from "the Academical Test Articles." The *solidus* being thus disposed of, we come to the pastry and dessert, the former of which is well represented by "Piracy in the Oriental Archipelago," while the latter will furnish "nuts to crack" to the politician in the articles on the "German Empire," the "Revolt in Lombardy," and "the French Republic." If this is not a feast cheaper than can be furnished on the "European plan," then we are much mistaken.

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*The Democratic Review* and *Kniekerbocker Magazine* for August have come punctually to hand. Both magazines maintain the standard they have long ago attained. The Democratic Review publishes a brief memoir, and a portrait (how like, we know not) of John Mitchel, which will be acceptable to many.

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